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BUGLE NOTES

FOR

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

A COLLECTION OF

Songs, Quartettes, and Glees,

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF ALL

TEMPERANCE GATHERINGS, GLEE CLUBS, ETC.,

TOGETHER WITH THE

Odes of the Orders of the Sons of Temperance and Good Templars.

EDITED BY

W. F. SHERWIN AND J. N. STEARNS.

NEW YORK:

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE SOCIETY AND PUBLICATION HOUSE,

J. N. STEARNS, Publishing Agent,

No. 58 READE STREET.

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JUN 27 1934

PREFACE.

The National Temperance Society and Publication House, which was established in 1866 for the special work of preparing and circulating a sound literature upon every phase of the temperance question, has already stereotyped and published over two hundred different books and pamphlets, and attempted in some measure to supply pure and elevating music to meet the demand in this direction of Temperance work.

THE TEMPERANCE CHIMES was issued four years ago, sixty thousand copies of which have already been published, and the book is still in demand.

THE TEMPERANCE HYMN BOOK is a valuable "pocket companion" adapted to Temperance Prayer meetings, public demonstrations &c., issued two years ago, and also has a steady and increasing sale.

In preparing "BUGLE NOTES," the aim has been to meet the urgent and repeated demands for a higher class of music than has heretofore been published, and no pains or expense have been spared to meet the expectations of our friends and fellow-workers in the present advanced state of the Temperance Reformation. Most of the words and music have been written for this work, and among the writers of the poetry will be found such names as Geo. S. Burleigh, Ella Wheeler, Edward Carswell, Geo. W. Bungay, W. H. Burleigh, Rev. Geo. L. Taylor, W. W. Downs, W. Bennett and others.

Special effort has been made to procure "Temperance Battle Hymns," "Rallying Songs," "Cold Water Glees" and other stirring songs, so that these BUGLE NOTES will be made to "Sound the Battle-Cry" in earnest.

The Odes of the Good Templars and Sons of Temperance are given in full, and it is hoped that these Orders will aid in the circulation of the book.

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BUGLE NOTES.

THE RALLY.

Steadily, with great vigor.

WM. F. SHERWIN

1. Come, freemen rally once again ; Come, rally in your might From mountain side, and hill, and plain, To strike for Truth and Right!

1. Come, freemen rally once again ; Come, rally in your might From mountain side, and hill, and plain, To strike for Truth and Right!

2 Fling out the gallant flag once more,
And nail it to the mast—
A beacon-light from shore to shore,
To glance upon the blast.

3 From north to south the anthem swells,
From east to western wave ;
A better day for man it tells—
The Drunkard we will save!

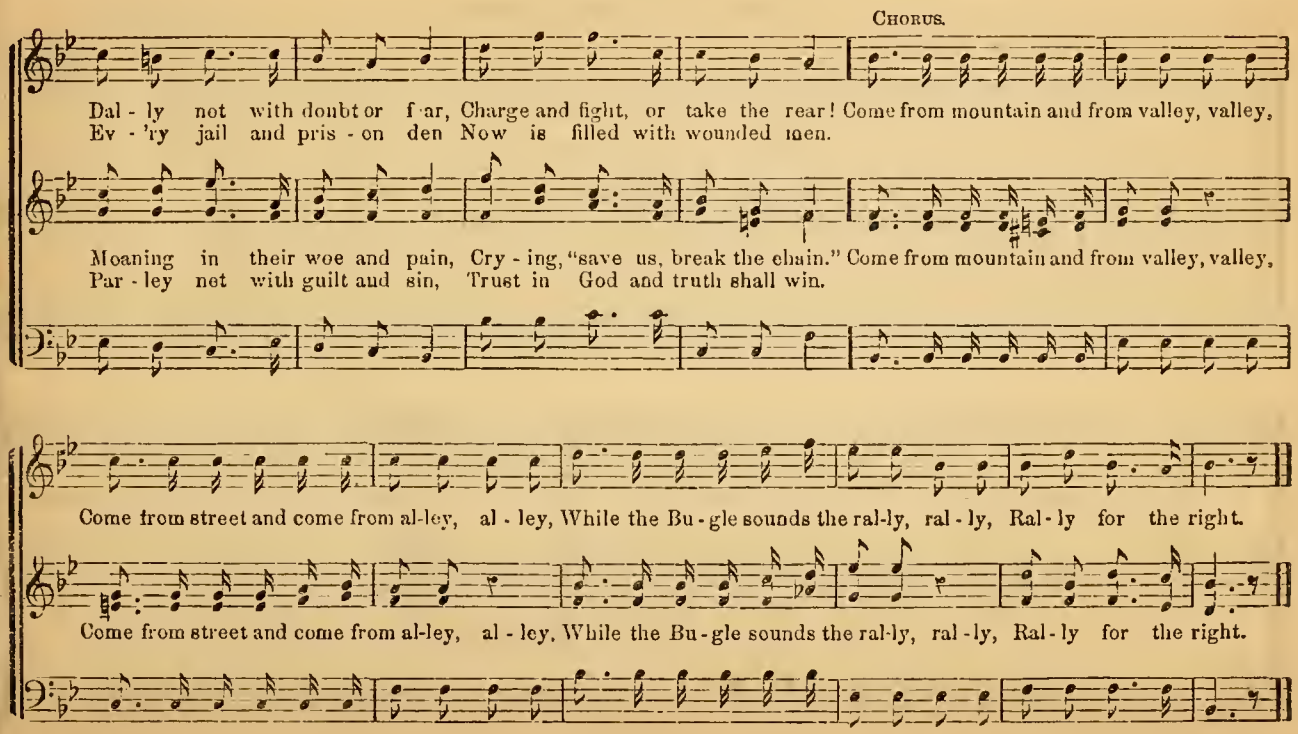
BUGLE SONG.

Words by EDWARD CARSWELL. WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Hark! it is the Bu-gle's note! How the ring-ing ech-oes float, Sound-ing sharp-ly the "ad-vance!"
2. He has trampled on our rights, Beat-en us in ma-ny fights; Ev-'ry street is stain'd with gore—
3. For-ward then, ye good and true! Child-hood's hands are stretch'd to you; Moth-ers pray with tear-ful eyes.
4. Sons and Templars, now's the time, Wheel your for-ces in-to line; "No sur-ren-der" be your cry,

Forward, or you'll lose your chance. Take your place in bat-tle line; There's the foe, and now's your time,
Ev-'ry gate-way, ev-'ry door; Ev-'ry graveyard has a mound With a vic-tim un-der ground,

Wife o'er ru-in'd hus-band cries; Mothers, wives and sis-ters true, Temp'rance men they look to you—
Con-quer rum, or fight-ing, die! Nev-er let your flag be furl'd, Till he's driv-on from the world;


Chorus.
Dal - ly not with doubt or f·ar, Charge and fight, or take the rear! Come from mountain and from valley, valley,
Ev - 'ry jail and pris - on den Now is filled with wounded men.
Moaning in their woe and pain, Cry - ing, "save us, break the chain." Come from mountain and from valley, valley,
Par - ley net with guilt and sin, Trust in God and truth shall win.
Come from street and come from al-ley, al - ley, While the Bu - gle sounds the ral-ly, ral - ly, Ral - ly for the right.
Come from street and come from al-ley, al - ley, While the Bu - gle sounds the ral-ly, ral - ly, Ral - ly for the right.

WE ARE STRONG.

May be used as a Quartet and Chorus.

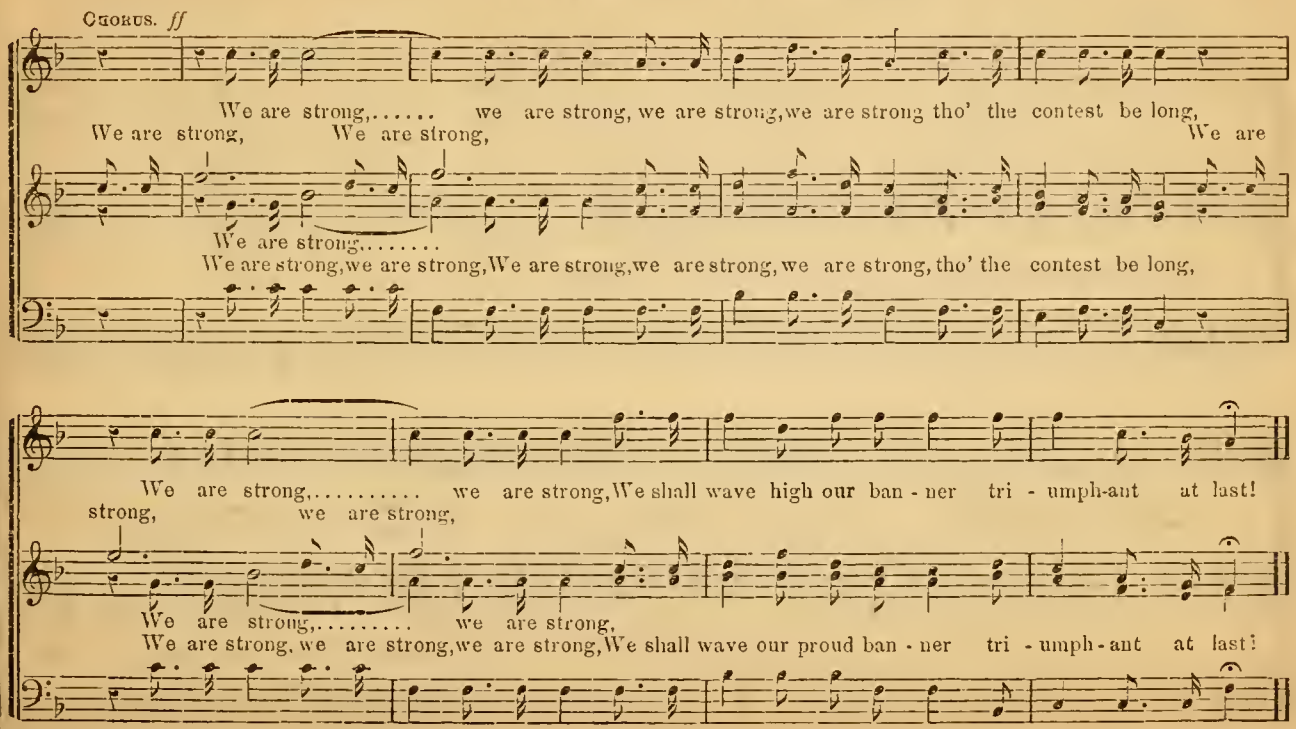
Words by ELLA WHEELER. WM F. SHERWIN.

Bold.

1. We are strong, we are strong, Tho' the contest be long, We shall wave high our banner triumph-ant at last, And the
2. In our might, in our might, We will fight for the right, We will conquer the foe at the close of the day; And the
3. They shall turn from the night To the morn and the light, While the Lord girdeth up ev - ery wav - ering soul; Then re -

day soon will come When the hor - rors of rum And the ru - in it wrought shall be things of the past.
lost of the land We will bring to our band, And teach them to walk in the bean - ti - ful way.

joice! oh re - joice with a ju - bi - lant voice! Hail brothers re - leased from the cup and the bowl.


Chorus. ff
We are strong,..... we are strong, we are strong, we are strong tho' the contest be long,
We are strong, We are strong, We are
We are strong,.....
We are strong, we are strong, We are strong, we are strong, we are strong, tho' the contest be long,
We are strong,..... we are strong, We shall wave high our ban - ner tri - umph-ant at last!
strong, we are strong,
We are strong,..... we are strong,
We are strong, we are strong, we are strong, We shall wave our proud ban - ner tri - umph - ant at last!

HURRAH! FOR SPARKLING WATER.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN,
from "THE VICTORY," by per.

Lively.

p

1. Hur - rah! for sparkling wa - ter, The cool, the pure and free; The sil - ver plashing wa - ter, That
2. Hur - rah! for sparkling wa - ter, We love the pearl - y rill That glides a - long the val - ley, Be

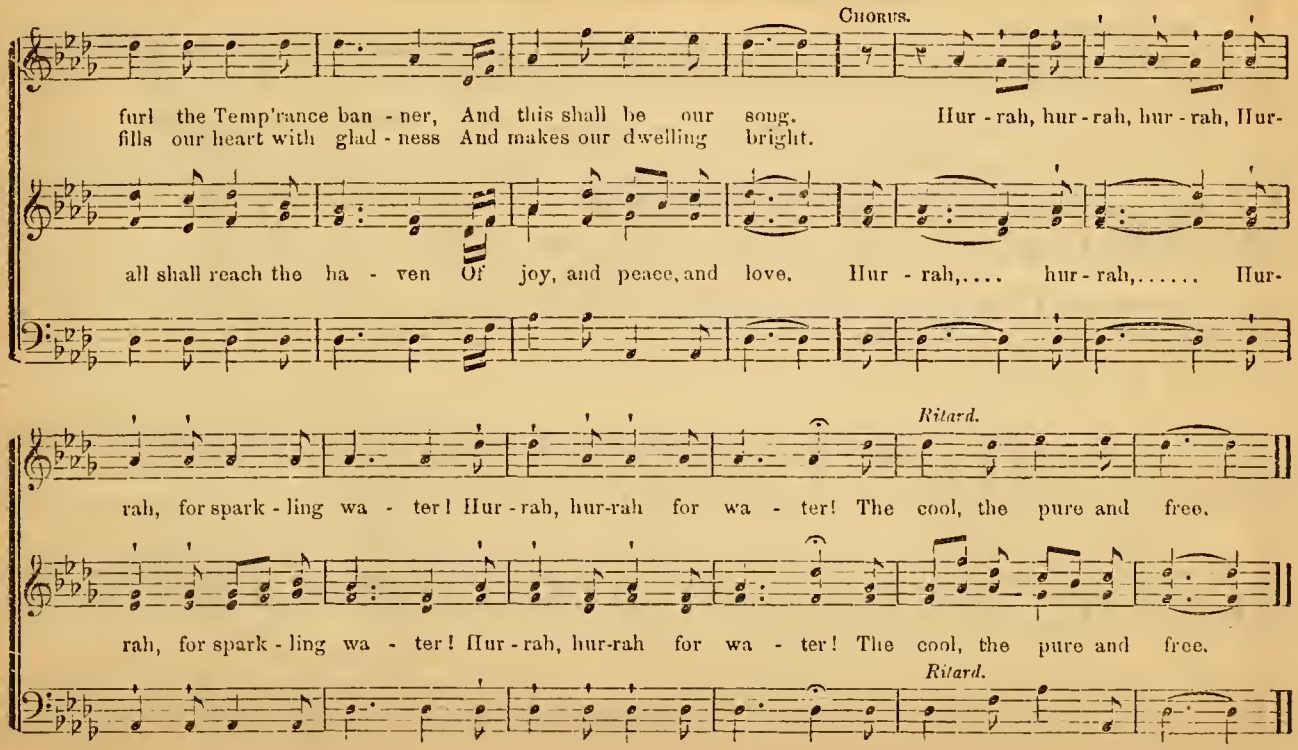
3. As stream with stream u - nit - ing, In beau - ty wend their way, To seek the migh - ty o - cean And

f *ff*

murmurs o'er the lea. It gives us health and vig - or, It makes us bold and strong; Un -
side the wood-land hill. The mer - ry laugh - ing wa - ter, We hail it with de - light; It

min - gle with its spray. So may our growing num - bers, Our strength and un - ion prove, Till

f


Chorus.
furl the Temp'rance ban - ner, And this shall be our song. Hur - rah, hur - rah, hur - rah, Hur-
fills our heart with glad - ness And makes our dwelling bright.
all shall reach the ha - ven Of joy, and peace, and love. Hur - rah,.... hur - rah,..... Hur-
Ritard.
rah, for spark - ling wa - ter! Hur - rah, hur-rah for wa - ter! The cool, the pure and free.
rah, for spark - ling wa - ter! Hur - rah, hur-rah for wa - ter! The cool, the pure and free.
Ritard.

RALLYING SONG.

Words by GEORGE COOPER. WM F. SHERWIN.

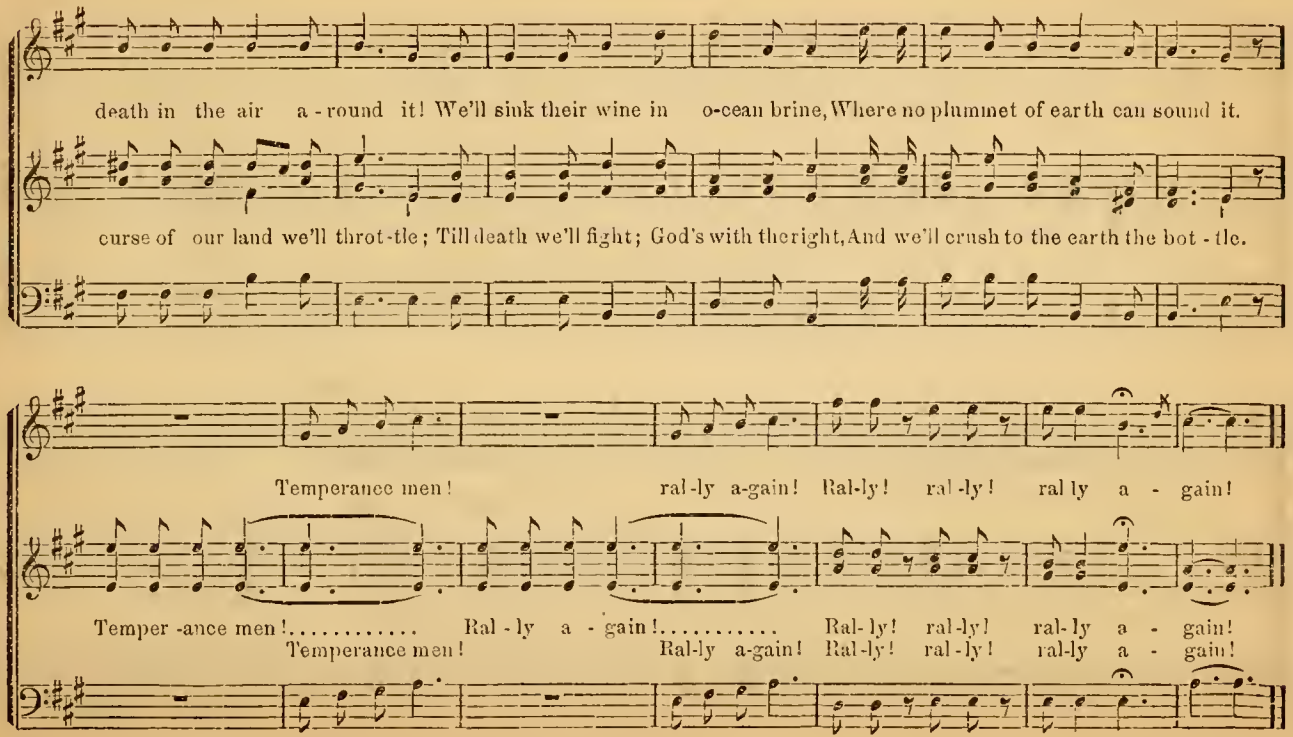
In martial style.

1. Fierce is our foe and marshalled in might, And their motto is "Rum and Slaughter;" But hand to hand their

2. Hark to the cry that bids us a - rise! 'Tis the children, the wives, the mothers! There's work to do for

hire-ling band We will conquer with pure cold wa-ter. Down with the flag they car - ry in pride, For there's

me and you, While we fight against Rum, my brothers. Flock to our side the brave and the true, And the


death in the air a - round it! We'll sink their wine in o-cean brine, Where no plummet of earth can sound it.
curse of our land we'll throt-tle; Till death we'll fight; God's with the right, And we'll crush to the earth the bot - tle.
Temperance men! ral-ly a-gain! Ral-ly! ral-ly! ral ly a - gain!
Temper -ance men!..... Ral - ly a - gain!..... Ral- ly! ral-ly! ral- ly a - gain!
Temperance men! Ral-ly a-gain! Ral-ly! ral-ly! ral-ly a - gain!

SIGN TO-NIGHT!

Words by W. W. DOWNS. WM. F. SHERWIN.

Earnestly.

1. Sign to - night, sign to -night, sign to-night, Why stand ye lon - ger wait-ing? The pledge is here with-
2. Sign to - night, sign to -night, sign to-night, Ere Sa-tan's chains have bound you; Come, sign the pledge for
3. Sign to - night, sign to -night, sign to-night, A mill - ion hearts are pleading. And fath - ers, mothers,

Sign to-night, O sign to - night, sign to-night.

in your reach, Why lin - ger hes - i - ta - ting? - Sign to - night,..... sign to - night, Your
God and man, And scat - ter joy a - round you; Be -

Sign to - night, sign to - night,

chil - dren too, For you are in - ter - ce - ding. Sign to - night, sign to - night, You

Sign to-night,

heart will be the light - er; 'Twill cheer and com - fort oth - ers too, And make your path the
hold the work of sor - row! A mill - ion homes are des - o - late! O wait not for the

shall re - gret it nev - er; Come join our band and fight with us To ban - ish Rum for -

bright - er. *pp* Sign to-night, sign to - night, Oh sign, sign to - night.
mor - row.
Sign to - night, sign to - night, *cres.* *f*

ev - er. *pp* Sign to - night, sign to - night, Oh sign, sign to - night.

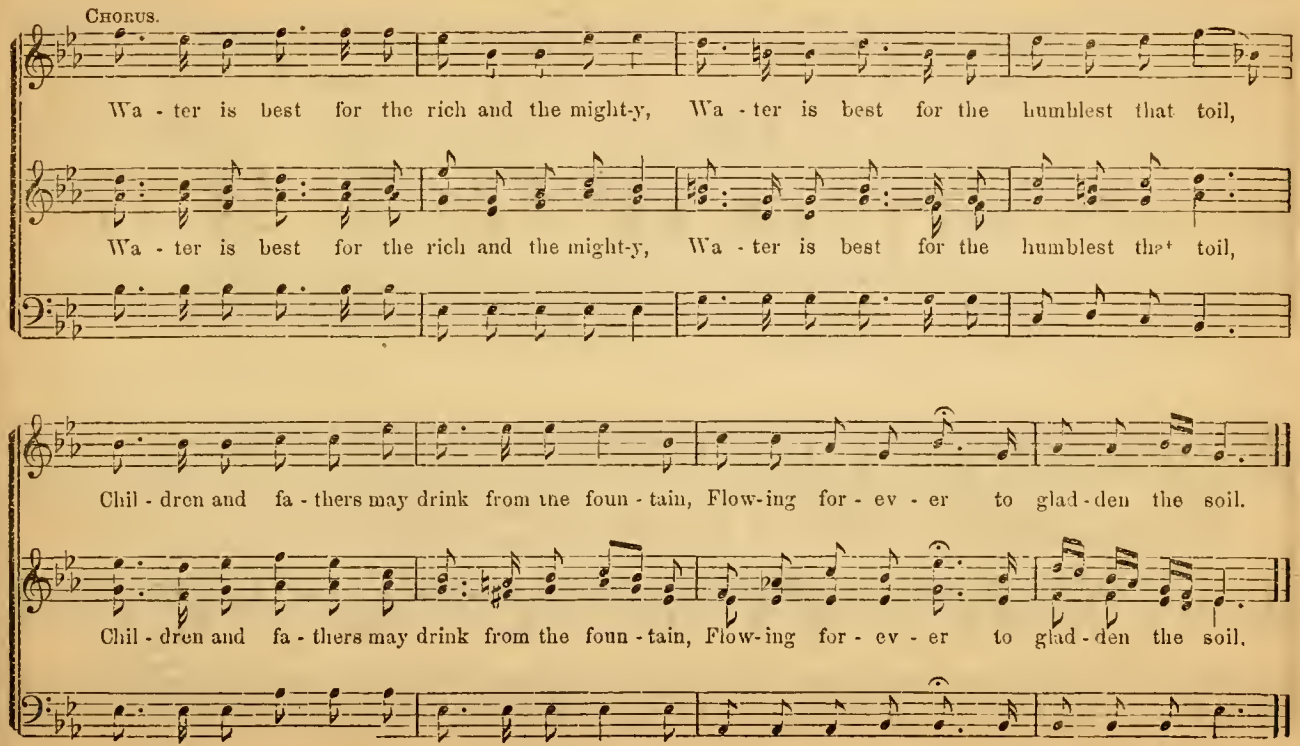
WATER IS BEST.

WM F. SHERWIN.
from "The Victory," by per

Duet.

1. Wa - ter is best for the trees of the for - est, Wa - ter is best for the flow'rs of the field;
2. Em - blem of pu - ri - ty, truth, and of free - dom, Still let me love thee, and still be thou mine,

Streams from the moun - tain are flow - ing in beau - ty, Pur - est of pleas - ure for - ev - er they yield.
Glid - ing in stream - let or roll - ing in o - cean, Tell - ing of God ev - er glo - rious di - vine.


Chorus.
Wa - ter is best for the rich and the might-y, Wa - ter is best for the humblest that toil,
Wa - ter is best for the rich and the might-y, Wa - ter is best for the humblest that toil,
Chil - dren and fa - thers may drink from the foun - tain, Flow-ing for - ev - er to glad - den the soil.
Chil - dren and fa - thers may drink from the foun - tain, Flow-ing for - ev - er to glad - den the soil.

"DOWN IN A DELL."

Arrange.

Allegretto.

1. Down in a dell, Near a crys - tal well, A no - ble youth was mu - sing; Then he drank of the stream, And a - woke, as from dream, For a bright path, that youth was now choos - ing;
2. Far from his home, O'er the o - ceans foam, This no - ble youth was sail - ing; Will he wa - ter now choose? Will he wine now re - fuse? Hark! he sings, while his com-rades are rail - ing,
3. Bright was the day, When a sis - ter gay Was led to Hy - men's al - tar: When our he - ro was press'd, To drink wine with a guest; But he sang, and his voice did not fal - ter,

"No more wine for me, From custom I'm free as the breeze that plays o'er the mountain, For

"No more wine for me, From cus-tom I'm free as the breeze that plays o'er the moun - tain,

"For me, From custom I'm free as the breeze that plays o'er the moun - tain, For

"No more wine for me, From custom I'm free as the breeze that plays o'er the mountain,

what drink on earth can af - ford such pure mirth, As a draught from the crys - tal foun - tain."

what drink on earth can af - ford such pure mirth, As a draught from the crys - tal foun - tain."

WORK AND WISHES.

Words by ELLA WHEELER. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. If the farm - er, in the spring-time, Sighed "I wish my seed were sown,"—Nev - er raised his hand in la - bor, But just sat him down to moan,—Should you won - der if the summer Found no harvest
2. If the wood - man in the for - est Sighed "I wish these trees were down," And then spent the time in pleasure Till the green leaves turn'd to brown, Should you mar - vel if the la - bor Seem'd progressing
3. Then, O temperance men and wo - men, If our cause moves slow to - day, Will it help the mat - ter an - y To sit down and *wish*. I pray? Cast your seed, then look for harvest! Thin the army

on the plain? Should you say 'twas Hea - ven's do - ing That he had no field of grain?
rath - er slow? Should you say that Hea - ven willed it, And "the thing could nev - er go?"
of the foe; Do the work that lies a - round you, And the cause wont move so slow.

CHORUS.

No, no, no! Nev - er say 'twas Heaven's do - ing, That he had no field of grain.

No, no, no! Nev - er say that Hea - ven willed it, And "the thing could nev - er go."

Do the work that lies a - round you, And the cause wont move so slow.

SONG OF THE COLD WATER ARMY.

Words by G. S. BURLEIGH. W. FISK

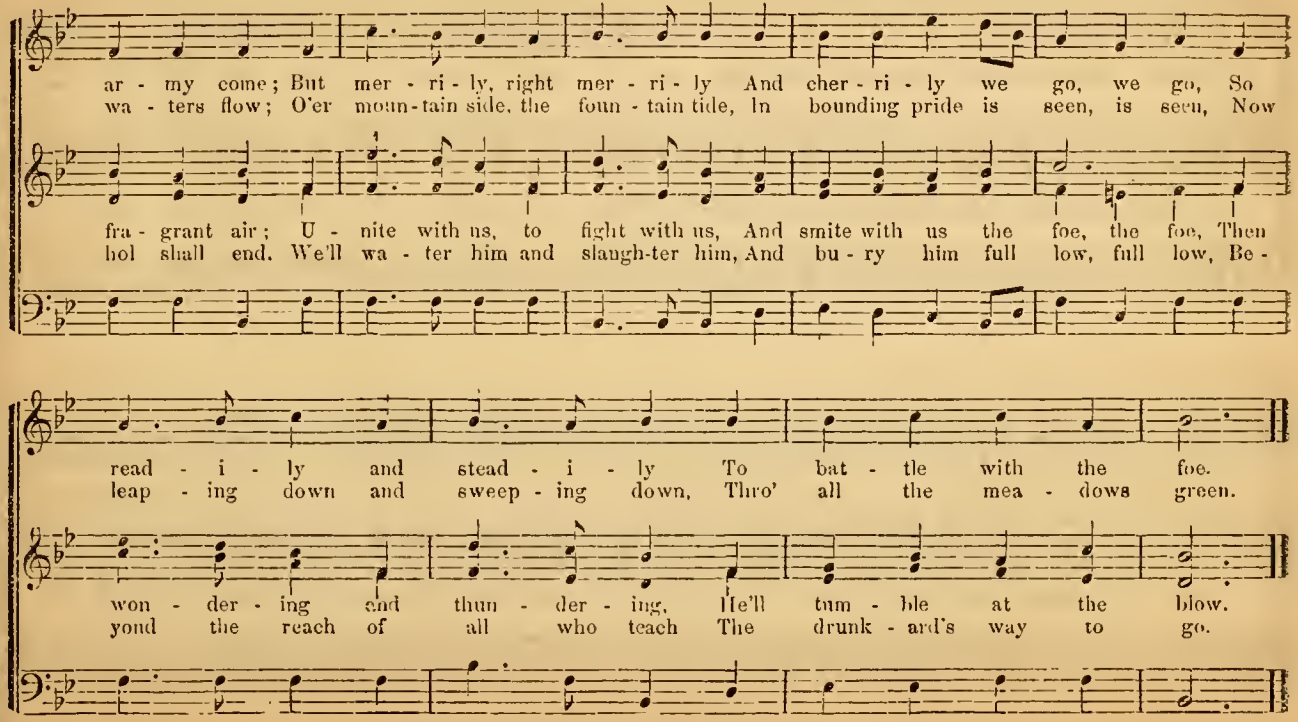
Spirited.

1. O not with the fife and the mur - der - ous knife, And the roll - ing sound of the
2. With glad voice of song we are mov - ing a - long, While the breez - es soft on our

3. Ho! boys! and yo girls with the soft sun - ny curls, Come and join the band of the
4. There's no one so young but can bat - tle with wrong; There is no one liv - ing too

bat - tle drum, And the dread - ful waste of hu - man life, Do the glow - ing ranks of our
ban - ners blow, 'Tis the chil - dren's ar - my brave and strong, And we march where the clear run-ning

brave and fair; See our ban - ner; look! how bright it unfurls, Per - - fumed by the kiss of the
old to mend; Come and help to slay the mon - ster strong, And the reign of King Al - co -


ar - my come; But mer - ri - ly, right mer - ri - ly And cher - ri - ly we go, we go, So
wa - ters flow; O'er moun - tain side, the foun - tain tide, In bounding pride is seen, is seen, Now
fra - grant air; U - nite with us, to fight with us, And smite with us the foe, the foe, Then
hol shall end. We'll wa - ter him and slaugh-ter him, And bu - ry him full low, full low, Be -
read - i - ly and stead - i - ly To bat - tle with the foe.
leap - ing down and sweep - ing down, Thro' all the mea - dows green.
won - der - ing and thun - der - ing, He'll tum - ble at the blow.
yond the reach of all who teach The drunk - ard's way to go.

SPARKLING WATER.

Words by W. W. DOWNS. W. FISK.

Briskly.

1. Wa - ter, wa - ter, sparkling wa - ter, Best of earth - ly gifts to man; How it dan - ces

2. Gai - ly danc - ing, plung-ing, skip - ping, Now 'tis here, and then 'tis there; Soft - ly whis - pers,

in the sun - light, How it ra - ces thro' the glen! Out in - to the o - pen meadow, Where the birds sing

sweet-ly murmurs, Bringing gladness ev - ery-where: Wa - ter, wa - ter, sparkling water! Oh! that it could

with de - light, See, it spreads it - self in mir - rors That re - flect the stars of night.

wash a - way Ev - ery stain of sin and sor - row, Caused by Rum's re - lent - less sway.

CHORUS.

Water! Wa - ter! Wa - ter, wa - ter, sparkling wa - ter; Best of earth - ly gifts to man.

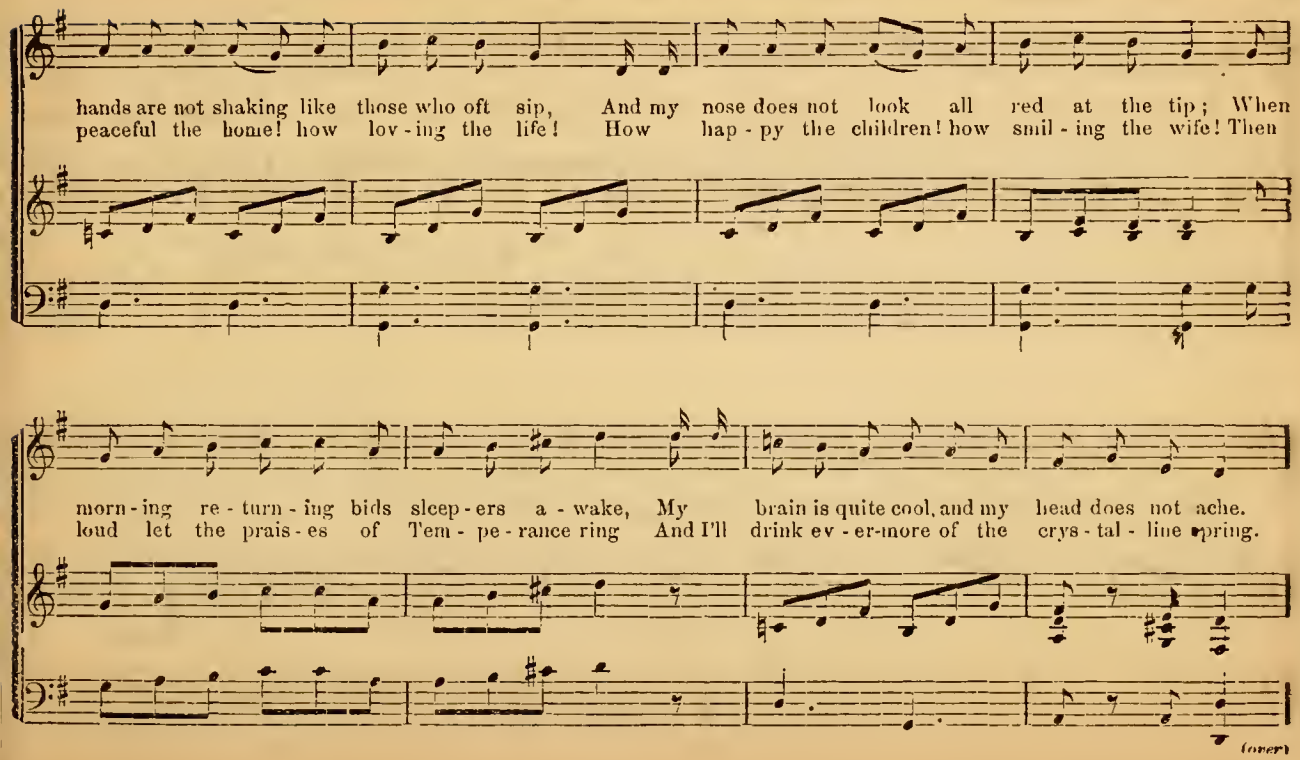
Water! Water! Wa - ter, wa - ter, sparkling wa - ter; Best of earth - ly gifts to man.

Water! Water!

THE WATER DRINKER.

Words by P. M. HOOD. S. T. DOOLITTLE

1. I am a drink-er of wa - ter clear, And nev - er take spir - it, or wine, or beer; My eye sparkles bright, 'Tis not swoll-en or red, And my step is steady, my path to tread; My
2. I sing the blessings that tem - p'rance brings, Of health and of wealth, and of more good things, There's food for the board, And the clothes to wear, There is cash for the rent, and some to spare. How


hands are not shaking like those who oft sip, And my nose does not look all red at the tip; When
peaceful the home! how lov-ing the life! How hap-py the children! how smil-ing the wife! Then
morn-ing re-turn-ing bids slcep-ers a-wake, My brain is quite cool, and my head does not ache.
loud let the prais-es of Tem-pe-rance ring And I'll drink ev-er-more of the crys-tal-line spring.
(over)

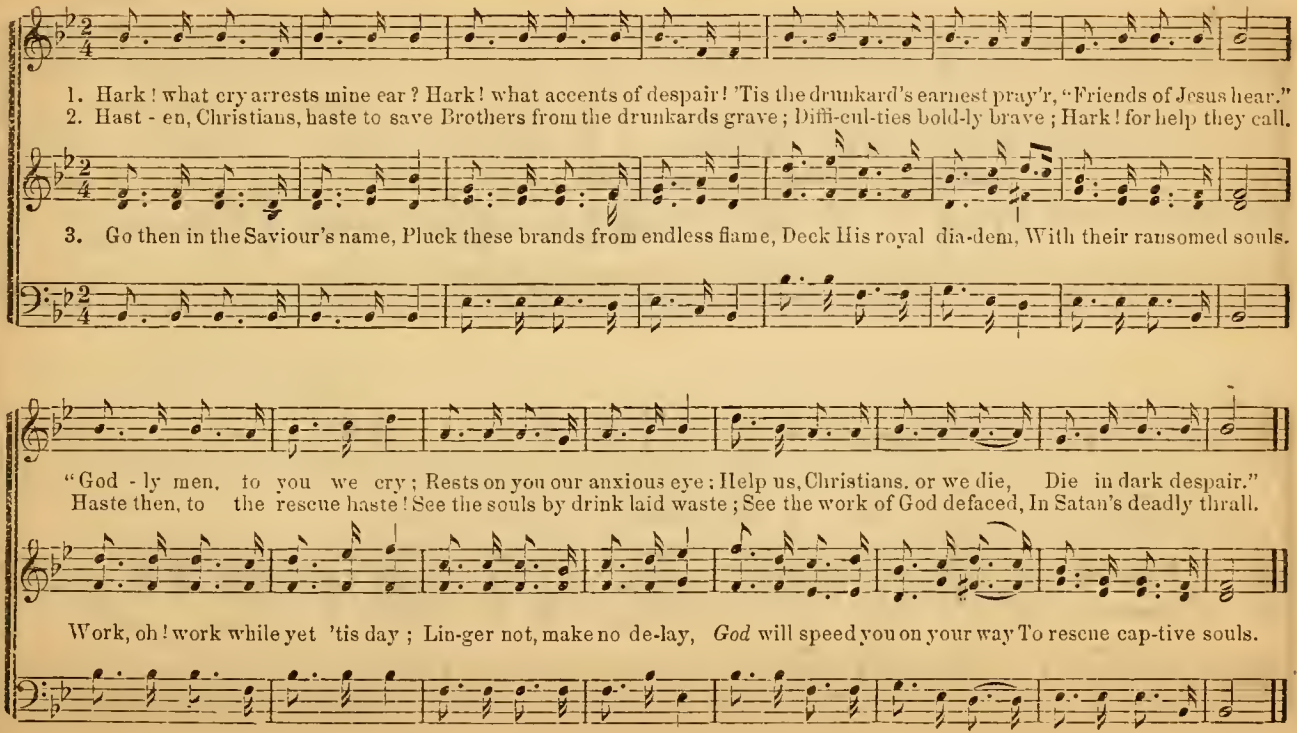
THE WATER DRINKER. Concluded.

No spir - its or wine, or tre - ble X beer, Suit half so well as the wa - ter clear, No

No spir - its or wine, or tre - ble X beer, Suit half so well as the wa - ter clear, No

spir - its or wine, or tre - ble X beer, Suit half so well as the wa - ter clear.

spir - its or wine, or tre - ble X beer, Suit half so well as the wa - ter clear.


1. Hark! what cry arrests mine ear? Hark! what accents of despair! 'Tis the drunkard's earnest pray'r, "Friends of Jesus hear."
2. Hast - en, Christians, haste to save Brothers from the drunkards grave; Diffi-cul-ties bold-ly brave; Hark! for help they call.
3. Go then in the Saviour's name, Pluck these brands from endless flame, Deck His royal dia-dem, With their ransomed souls.
"God - ly men, to you we cry; Rests on you our anxious eye; Help us, Christians, or we die, Die in dark despair."
Haste then, to the rescue haste! See the souls by drink laid waste; See the work of God defaced, In Satan's deadly thrall.
Work, oh! work while yet 'tis day; Lin-ger not, make no de-lay, God will speed you on your way To rescue cap-tive souls.

TEMPERANCE WORK.

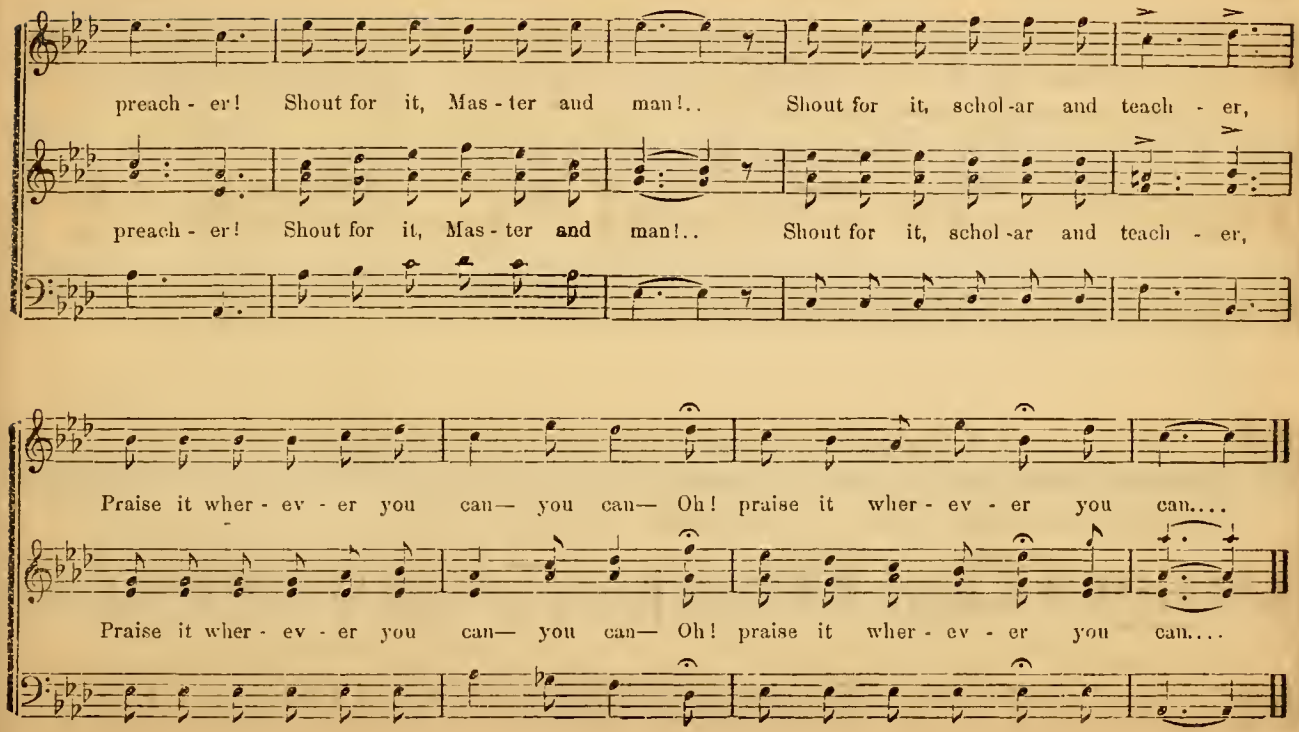
WM. F. SHERWIN.

SOLO.

1. 'Tis a work of pre - ven - tion and cure,.... A work for the rich and the poor;.... A work that is stead - y and sure;.. A work that will ev - er en - dure... Then shout for it, hear - er and
2. To - tal ab - stinence ban - ish - es crime,... It bless - es the day and the night,.... Its paths out of mis - e - ry climb.. A - loft to re - lig - ion's pure light..
3. 'Tis a work for the pen and the tongue;.. A work for the pul - pit and pew;.... A work for the old and the young, A work that's for me and for you....

DECLAMATORY STYLE.
With vigor and strong accent.

Then shout for it, hear - er and


preach - er! Shout for it, Mas - ter and man!.. Shout for it, schol - ar and teach - er,
preach - er! Shout for it, Mas - ter and man!.. Shout for it, schol - ar and teach - er,
Praise it wher - ev - er you can— you can— Oh! praise it wher - ev - er you can....
Praise it wher - ev - er you can— you can— Oh! praise it wher - ev - er you can....

TEMPERANCE BATTLE-SONG.

Words by W. BENNETT. Music by W. F. SHERWIN.

1. On - ward, on - ward, ev -'ry true friend of cold wa - ter; On - ward, on - ward, why should we faint or pause?
2. Downward, downward, pressing like sheep to the slaught - er, Downward, downward, reeling they swiftly go!

3. Up - ward, up - ward, point to the drunkard's Re - deem - er, Up - ward, up - ward, turning each dy - ing eye;

"Up, and at them," ev -'ry brave son and fair daughter, Firm and faith - ful, true to our no - ble cause.
Save them, save them, bring them the pledge of cold water, This, through grace, will save from the drunkard's woe.

Thro' the pledge, that ev - er success - ful re -claim - er, We can save them, save ere they sink and die.

CHORUS.

Ral - ly, ral - ly, un-der our glo - ri - ous ban - ner! See! the foe is pressing on ev - 'ry hand;

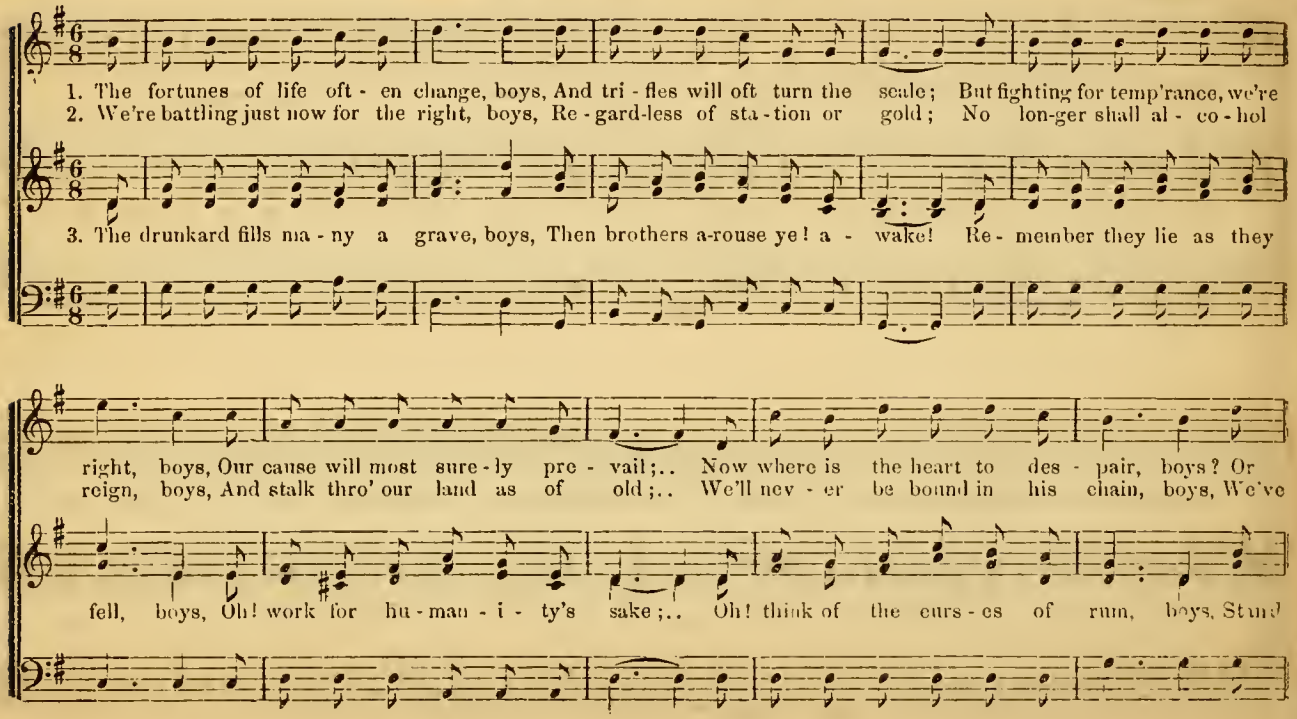
Ral - ly, ral - ly, un-der our glo - ri - ous ban - ner! See! the foe is pressing on ev - 'ry hand;

Strike boys, strike girls, smit - ing the cru - el en - slav - er, Strike for temp'rance, God and our na - tive land!

Strike boys, strike girls, smit - ing the cru - el en - slav - er, Strike for temp'rance, God and our na - tive land!

WE NEVER WILL DRINK ANY MORE.

REV. R. LOWRY.



who shall advise to turn back? We'll add just a lit-tle more steam, boys. And rush the good cause o'er the track.
broken the shack-les of yore; For temp'rance we'll stand till we die, boys, And nev-er will drink an-y more.

firm for the right, and be true; The "Temperance Flag" in one hand, boys, The oth-er "The Red, White, and Blue."

CHORUS.

We nev-er will drink an-y more,
O we nev-er will drink an-y more, boys, We nev-er will drink an-y more; With

O we nev-er will drink an-y more, boys, We nev-er will drink an-y more; With

O we nev-er, we nev-er will drink an-y more.

heart and with hand, to - geth - er we'll stand; We nev - er will drink an - y more.

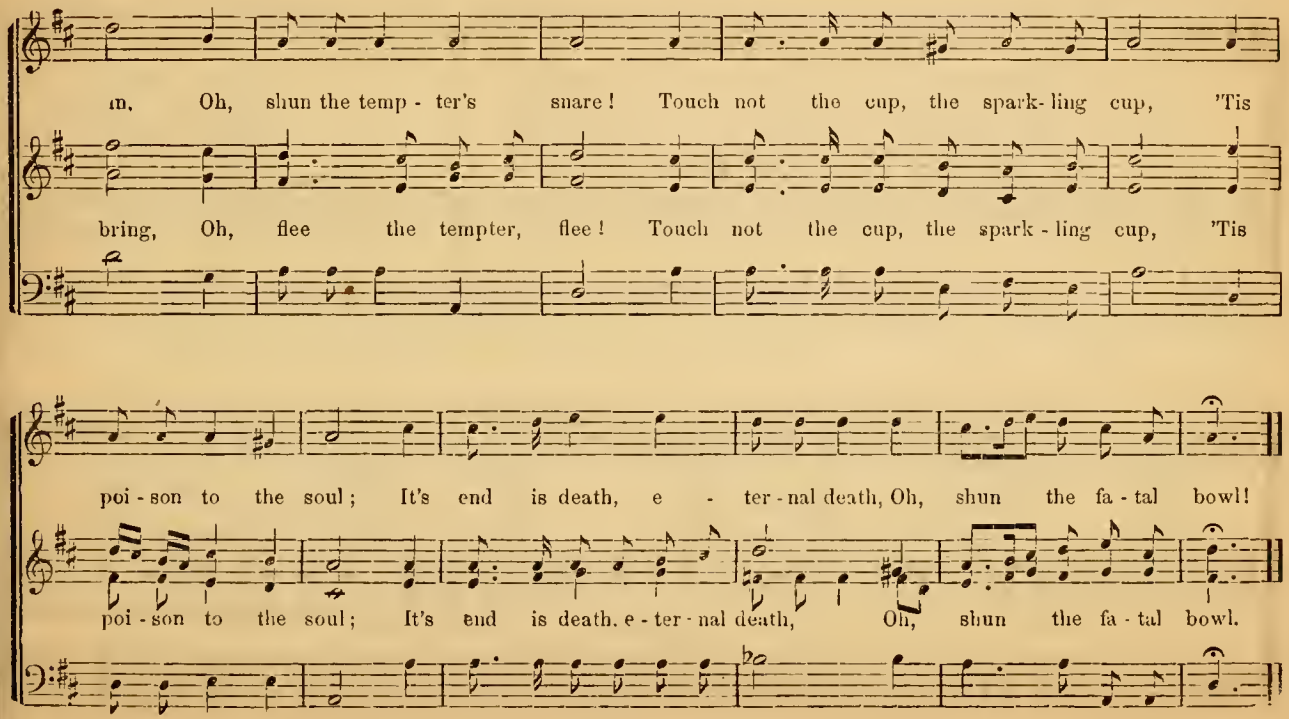
heart and with hand, to - geth - er we'll stand; We nev - er will drink an - y more.

TASTE NOT THE WINE

Words by Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. Taste not the wine, the ru - by wine, The fruit of vin - tage fair; A dead-ly ser - pent lurks with-

2. Bright smil-ing lips the cup may sip, Fair hands may proffer thee; It's venom'd sting will sor - row


in, Oh, shun the temp - ter's snare! Touch not the cup, the spark-ling cup, 'Tis
bring, Oh, flee the tempter, flee! Touch not the cup, the spark - ling cup, 'Tis
poi - son to the soul; It's end is death, e - ter - nal death, Oh, shun the fa - tal bowl!
poi - son to the soul; It's end is death, e - ter - nal death, Oh, shun the fa - tal bowl.

POOR CHILD OF THE DRUNKARD.*

WM. F. SHERWIN

Tenderly.

1. Poor child of the drunk - ard, none car - eth for thee;..... Thy des - o - late
2. Low un - der the green sod thy moth-er now lies,..... Her prayers for thy
3. Thro' years sad and drea - ry thy dear mother strove.... With hab - its in -
4. Thy sad, thoughtless fa - ther, how fal - len is he!..... May God in his

dwell - ing no shel - - ter can be;..... Friend - less and for - sa - ken,
safe - ty God will not de - spise;..... Her words I re - mem - ber,
hu - man from him who should love;..... Life brought her but sor - row,
mer - cy the drunk - ard set free;..... Friend - less and for - sa - ken

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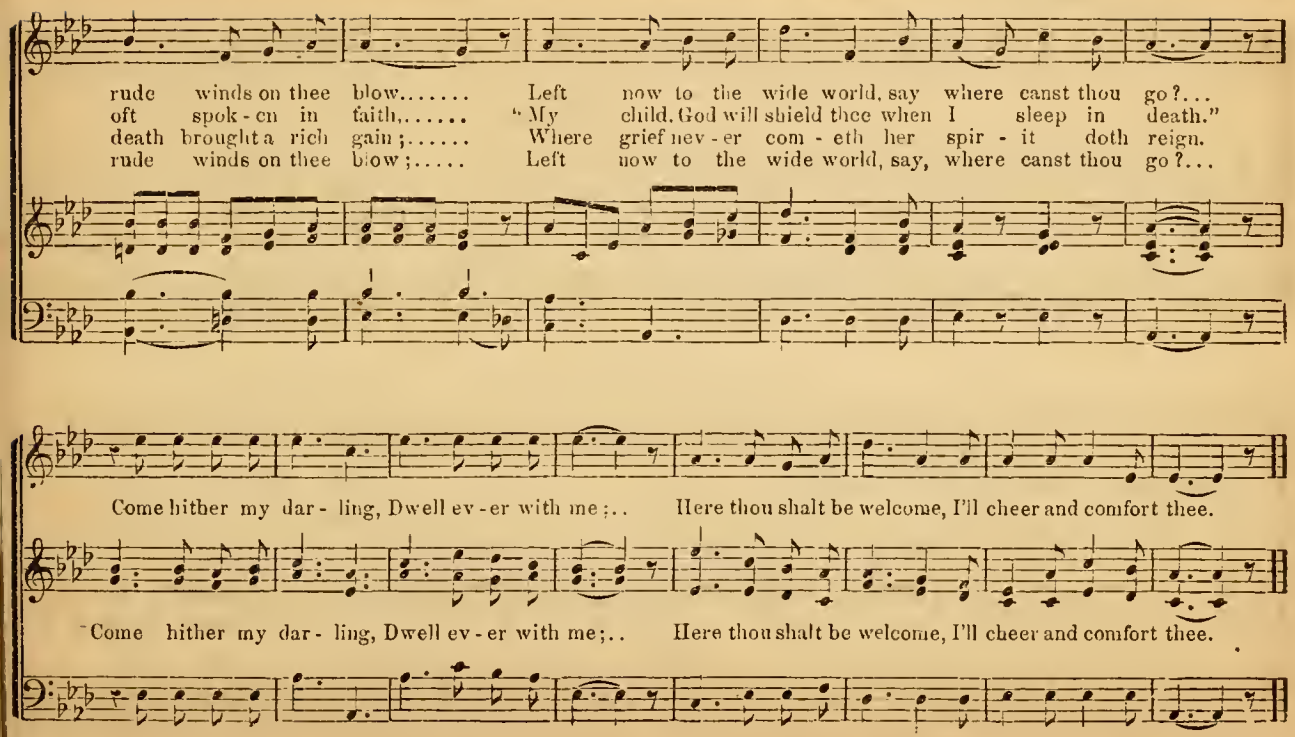

rude winds on thee blow..... Left now to the wide world, say where canst thou go?...
oft spok-en in faith,..... "My child, God will shield thee when I sleep in death."
death brought a rich gain;..... Where grief nev-er com-eth her spir-it doth reign.
rude winds on thee blow;..... Left now to the wide world, say, where canst thou go?...
Come hither my dar-ling, Dwell ev-er with me;.. Here thou shalt be welcome, I'll cheer and comfort thee.
Come hither my dar-ling, Dwell ev-er with me;.. Here thou shalt be welcome, I'll cheer and comfort thee.

THE DRUNKARD'S WOE.

Words by W. BENNETT

W. F. S.

1. Who hath woe and bit - ter sigh - ing? Who in an - guish deep do groan? Who in hope - less grief are
2. Who, in fierce con - ten - tion striv - ing, In vain bab - blings loud en - gage? Who from cause - less wounds are

3. Would'st thou 'scape the drunkard's sor - row? Would'st thou shun his dreadful doom? Wait not for the com - ing

CHORUS. (a little faster.)

cry - ing? Who in dire distress do moan? They who tar - ry long at
grieving. Which no med -'cine can as - suage?

They who tar - - ry long at wine. Ev - 'ry

mor - row, Take the pledge, there yet is room. They who tar - ry long at wine, Ev - - 'ry

wine, Ev -'ry cheering prospect gone; They who worship at the shrine, Where the ro - sy god doth reign.

cheer - ing prospect gone; They who worship at the shrine, Where the ro - sy god doth reign.

Ev - 'ry cheering prospect gone; They who wor - ship at the shrine,

I'LL DRINK NO MORE. (Round for 4 Voices.)

Arranged from an Old English Round, by T. M. DEWEY.

1 *Allegro vivace.* 2 3

I'll drink no more gin sling, I'll drink no sling made of gin, No

4

rum or whis - key flip or bran - dy, Wine or an - y such thing.

VOTE IT OUT.

Words by Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY

1. There's an e - vil in the land. Rank with age and foul with crime, Strong with many a le - gal band, Mon - ey,
2. We have beg'd the traffic long, Beg'd it both with smiles and tears, To a - bate the flood of wrong, But it

3. 'Tis the bat - tle of the hour; Freemen, show your strength again; In the bal - lot is your pow'r, This will

fash - ion, use and time; 'Tis the ques-tion of the hour, How shall we the wrong o'er-pow'r? Vote it
an - swer'd us with sneers; We are wea - ry of the scourge, This the way at last we urge,— Vote it

bring the foe to pain; We have preach'd a - gainst the wrong, We have plead with words of song; Vote it

REFRAIN.

out! Vote it out! This will put the thing to rout. Vote it out! Vote it out! Vote it
out! Vote it out! Loy - al peo - ple raise the shout.

REFRAIN.

out! This will put the fiend to rout. Vote it out! Vote it
out! Loy - al peo - ple, raise the shout.
out! Vote and pray with heart de - vout.

out! Vote it out! Vote and pray with heart de - vout.

out! Vote it out! Let us rise and vote it out!

out! Let us rise and vote it out!

out! Vote it out! Let us rise and vote it out!

4 Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight;
We shall see the hosts of Rum
Palsied with affright and dumb;
Vote it out!
Thus we'll put the fiend to rout.
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out!

VOTE FOR PROHIBITION.

SONG & CHORUS. X—.

1. Ye friends and brothers of our cause, What-ev - er your po - si - tion, Come help to roll the
2. See the poor drunkard too, bro't down To shame and deep con - tri - tion; He needs your sym-pa -
3. Come ral - ly round our stand-ard then, Let this be your am - bi - tion— *Work for hu - man-i -*

temp'rance ball—And vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion. See the fond moth - er, sis - ter, wife. Bro't
thy and aid, Then vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion. Hon - or and shame, it has been said, "A -
ty and *Right,* And *vote* for *Pro - hi bi - tion.* Yes, if you *love* the temp'rance cause, With

to their sad con - di - tion By the de - ceit - ful "*li - cense law*"— Then vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion.
rise from no con - di - tion; Act *well your part—there hon - or lies,*" Then vote for Pro - hi - bi - tion.
man - ly, *firm de - cis - ion,* Come join our ar - my—cast your vote For le - gal Pro - hi - bi - tion.

CHORUS.

Then vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion, Yes, vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion! Come help to roll the Temp'rance ball And vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion.

Then vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion, Yes, vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion! Come help to roll the Temp'rance ball And vote for Pro-hi-bi-tion.

SAVE THE DRUNKARD!

Words by W. J. HARVEY. Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

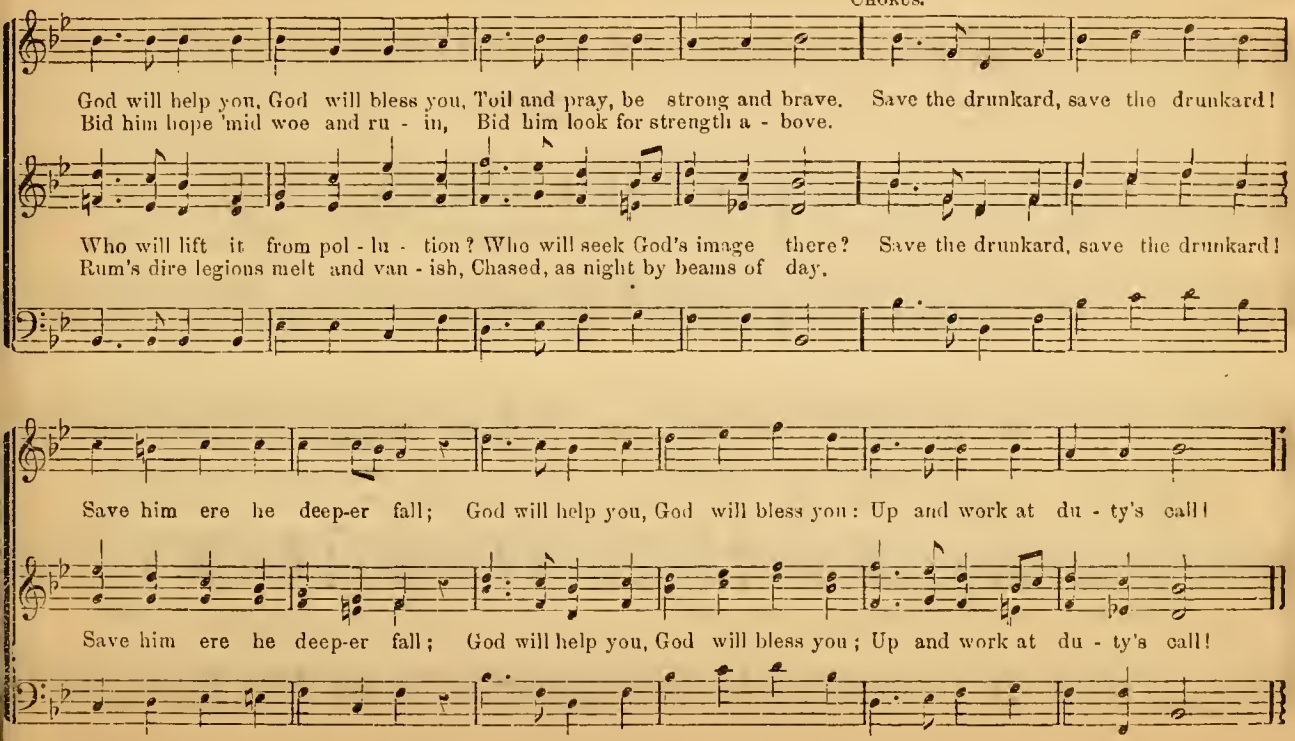
With great earnestness.

1. Rouse ye, rouse ye, friends of temp'rance! Lis-ten to the mighty call! Save the drunkard in his sor-row,
2. Save the drunkard, blind-ly reel - ing On - ward to his fearful doom; Friends forsake him, comrades chide him,
3. Save the drunkard! Who can measure One im - mor - tal spir-it's worth! What tho' marr'd by sins cor - ro - sion,
4. Save the drunkard! Sweet-est pleasures From ce - les - tial fountains drink; With Om-nip - o - tence co - working,

Save him, ere he deep-er fall; Ral - ly, work-ers to the standard, Snatch your brothers from the grave;
Round him gath-ers deep-est gloom. Seek him in his so - ber moments, Warm and cheer in tones of love;

Sunk a - mid the wrecks of earth, There's a soul, a liv - ing jew - el, Pre-cious, far be - yond compare;
Heav'n and earth more closely link. Speed, O speed the good time coming When, beneath cold water's sway,

CHORUS.


God will help you, God will bless you, Toil and pray, be strong and brave. Save the drunkard, save the drunkard!
Bid him hope 'mid woe and ru - in, Bid him look for strength a - bove.
Who will lift it from pol - lu - tion? Who will seek God's image there? Save the drunkard, save the drunkard!
Rum's dire legions melt and van - ish, Chased, as night by beams of day.
Save him ere he deep-er fall; God will help you, God will bless you: Up and work at du - ty's call!
Save him ere he deep-er fall; God will help you, God will bless you; Up and work at du - ty's call!

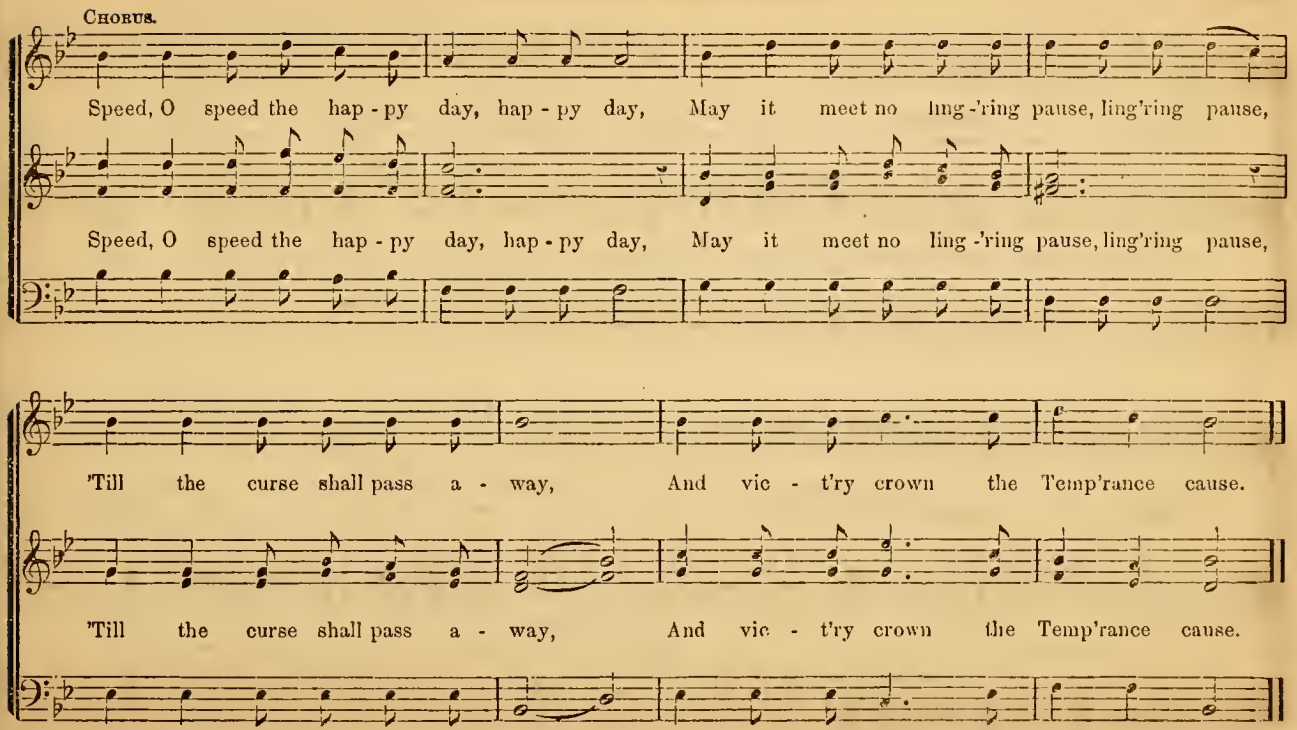
SPEED THE HAPPY DAY.

Words by W. BENNETT. WM. F. SHERWIN

1. Lo, a bright-er day is break - ing O'er our heav - en fa - vor'd land;
2. O, the glo - ry of the morn - ing, When the joy - ful time shall come,
3. In that wel - come hour of glad - ness, When the ty - rant's reign is o'er,

Men are ev - 'ry - where a - wak - ing, Bold - ly for the Right, to stand.
When all men shall heed the warn - ing, And for - sake the de - mon, Rum!

Free from bit - ter woe, and sad - ness, We shall feel his power no more.


Chorus.
Speed, O speed the hap - py day, hap - py day, May it meet no ling -'ring pause, ling'ring pause,
Speed, O speed the hap - py day, hap - py day, May it meet no ling -'ring pause, ling'ring pause,
'Till the curse shall pass a - way, And vic - t'ry crown the Temp'rance cause.
'Till the curse shall pass a - way, And vic - t'ry crown the Temp'rance cause.

SONG OF THE FREE.

Words by J. H. AIKMAN

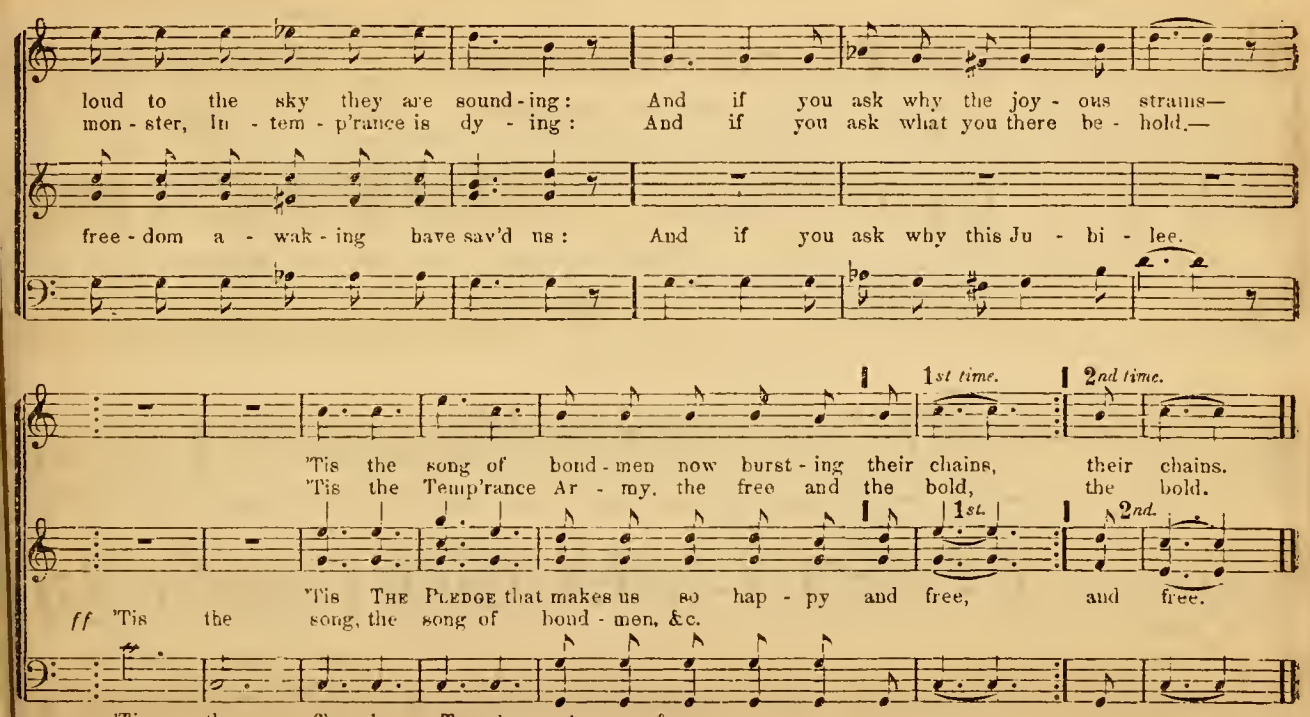
"Lutzow's Wild Hunt," Arranged.

1. From val - ley and mountain, from hill - top and glen, What shouts thro' the air are re - bound - ing!
2. What soldiers so brave-ly are wa - ging the fight? What foe from the bat - tle is fly - ing?

3. Too long has the De - mon tri - umphant - ly reigned, Too long in his fet - ters en - slav'd us;

And ech - o is roll - ing the cheers back a - gain, While loud to the sky they are sound - ing, While
Our true-heart-ed free - men are bat - tling for right; The monster, In - tem-p'rance is dy - ing, The

But Jus - tice and Vir - tue, no long - er en - chain'd, To free - dom a - wak - ing have sav'd us, To


loud to the sky they are sound - ing: And if you ask why the joy - ous strains—
mon - ster, In - tem - p'rance is dy - ing: And if you ask what you there be - hold.—
free - dom a - wak - ing have sav'd us: And if you ask why this Ju - bi - lee.
1st time.
2nd time.
'Tis the song of bond - men now burst - ing their chains, their chains.
'Tis the Temp'rance Ar - my, the free and the bold, the bold.
1st.
2nd.
'Tis THE PLEDGE that makes us so hap - py and free, and free.
ff 'Tis the song, the song of bond - men, &c.
'Tis the Temp'rance, Temp'rance Ar - my, &c.
'Tis the Pledge, the Pledge that makes, &c.

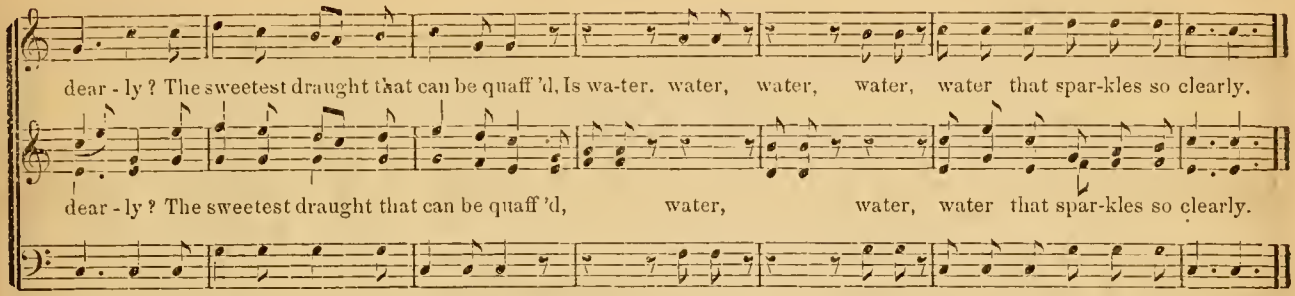
THE SWEETEST DRAUGHT.

Music by T. F. SEWARD.
From TEMPLE CHOIR. by permission.

1. Come let us sing of fount and spring, Of brook-let, stream and riv - er, And tune our praise to Him always The great and gra - cious Giv - er. What drink with water can compare, That na-ture loves so blithely drink, To tune its voice to sing - ing. What drink with wa-ter can compare, That na-ture loves so

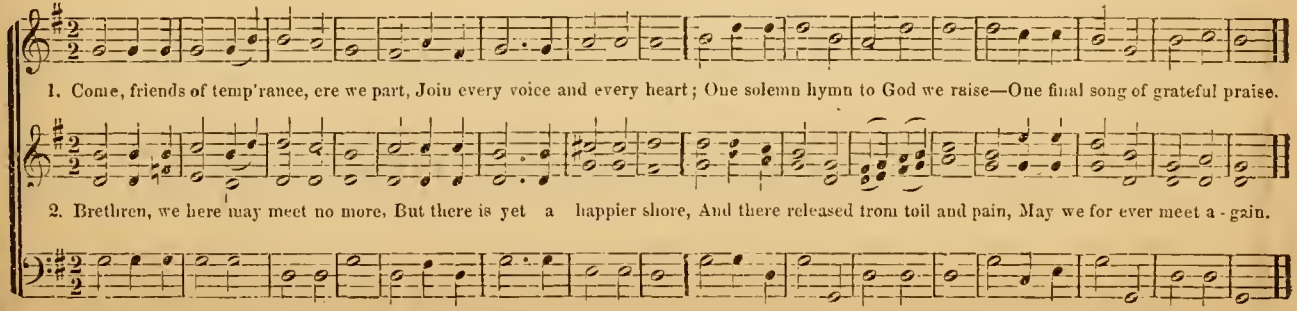
2. Down fall the showers to feed the flowers, And in the summer, night - ly, The blossoms sip with ro - sy lip The dew-drops gleam-ing bright-ly.

3. Each lit - tle bird, whose song is heard Thro' grove, and meadow ring - ing, At streamlet's brink, will



PARTING HYMN.

Tune—FEDERAL STREET. H. K. OLIVER.



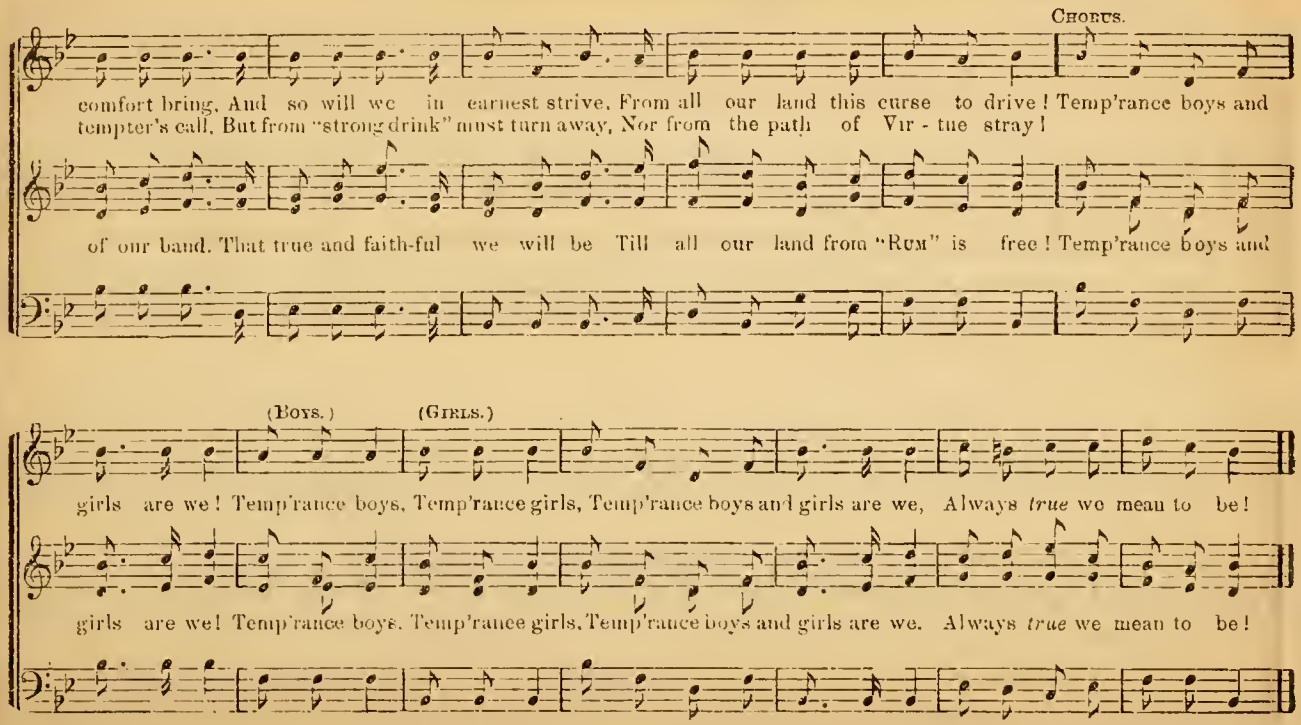
TEMPERANCE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE WE.

Words by W. W. DOWNS. W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Real Temp'rance boys and girls are we, In sun - ny youth from care we're free, And join we now in "Bands of Hope," Against an e - vil power to cope. We know that e'en the small-est thing Can do some good or

2. No drink we use but wa - ter pure, And have few aches or pains to cure: Good health is ours, and prospects bright; Our heads are clear, our hearts are light. But then to keep these blessings all, We ne'er must heed the

3. What if the way *is* sometimes rough! *We're do - ing right*, and that's e - nough To cheer our hearts from morn till night, As long as in *this* cause we fight! We'll clasp each other by the hand, And pledge the hon - or


CHORUS.
comfort bring, And so will we in earnest strive, From all our land this curse to drive! Temp'rance boys and
tempter's call, But from "strong drink" must turn away, Nor from the path of Vir - tue stray!
of our band. That true and faith-ful we will be Till all our land from "RUM" is free! Temp'rance boys and
(BOYS.)
(GIRLS.)
girls are we! Temp'rance boys, Temp'rance girls, Temp'rance boys and girls are we, Always *true* we mean to be!
girls are we! Temp'rance boys, Temp'rance girls, Temp'rance boys and girls are we. Always *true* we mean to be!

THE CHILD'S PLEADING.

Words by JOHN GUEST. WM. F. SHERWIN.

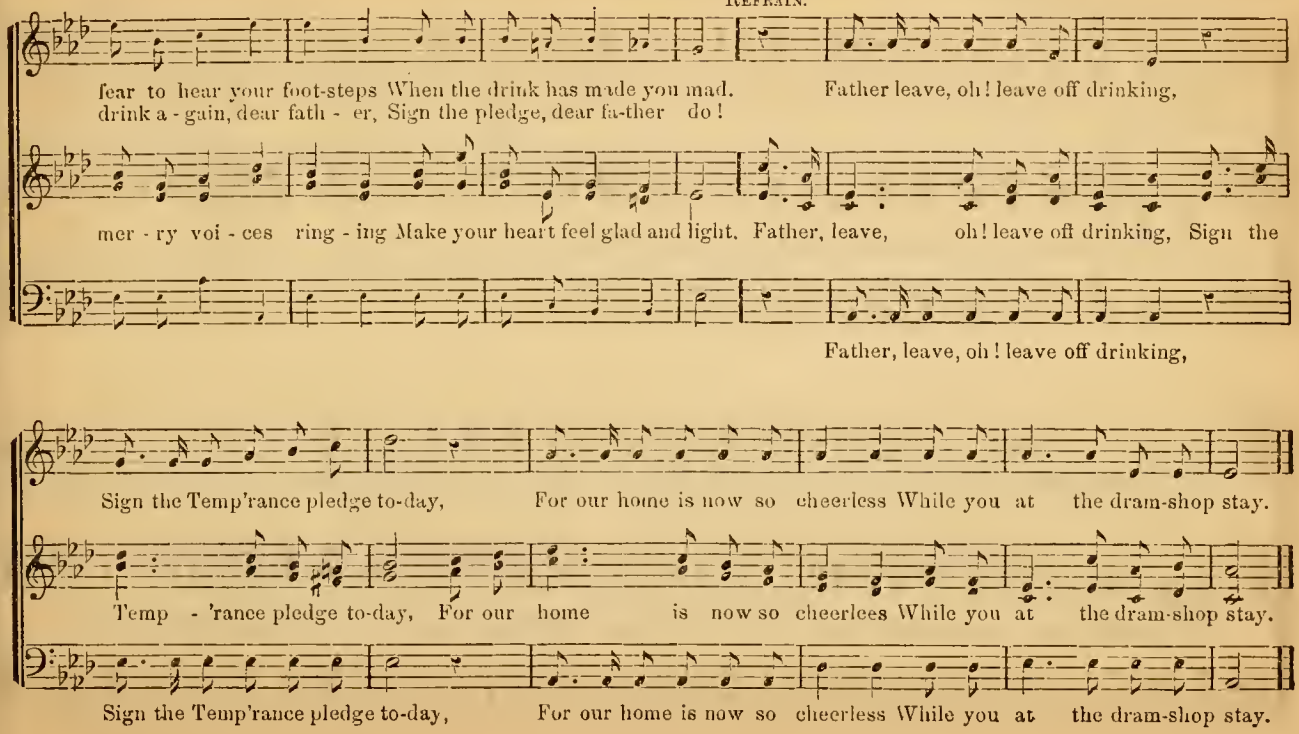
SOLO. OR DUET.

1. Fath - er, leave, oh! leave off drinking, Sign the Temp'rance pledge to-day. For our home is now so cheerless While you
2. Fath - er, dear - est fath - er, list - en To the pleadings of your child; Do not waste your time and money With the

3. When, at eve, you come home weary, We will greet you with sweet smiles; For you then will be quite sober, Free from

at the dram-shop stay. We re - member when 'twas hap - py, When your coming made us glad; But we
drunk-en and the wild; Think of moth-er and us chil-dren, How we weep and mourn for you; Nev - er

drink that now be - guiles. Shouts of joy in-stead of weep - ing, Shall sa - lute you ev - 'ry night, And our


Refrain.
fear to hear your foot-steps When the drink has made you mad. Father leave, oh! leave off drinking,
drink a - gain, dear fath - er, Sign the pledge, dear fa-ther do!
mer - ry voi - ces ring - ing Make your heart feel glad and light. Father, leave, oh! leave off drinking, Sign the
Father, leave, oh! leave off drinking,
Sign the Temp'rance pledge to-day, For our home is now so cheerless While you at the dram-shop stay.
Temp - 'rance pledge to-day, For our home is now so cheerlees While you at the dram-shop stay.
Sign the Temp'rance pledge to-day, For our home is now so cheerless While you at the dram-shop stay.

DASH THE WINE-CUP AWAY.

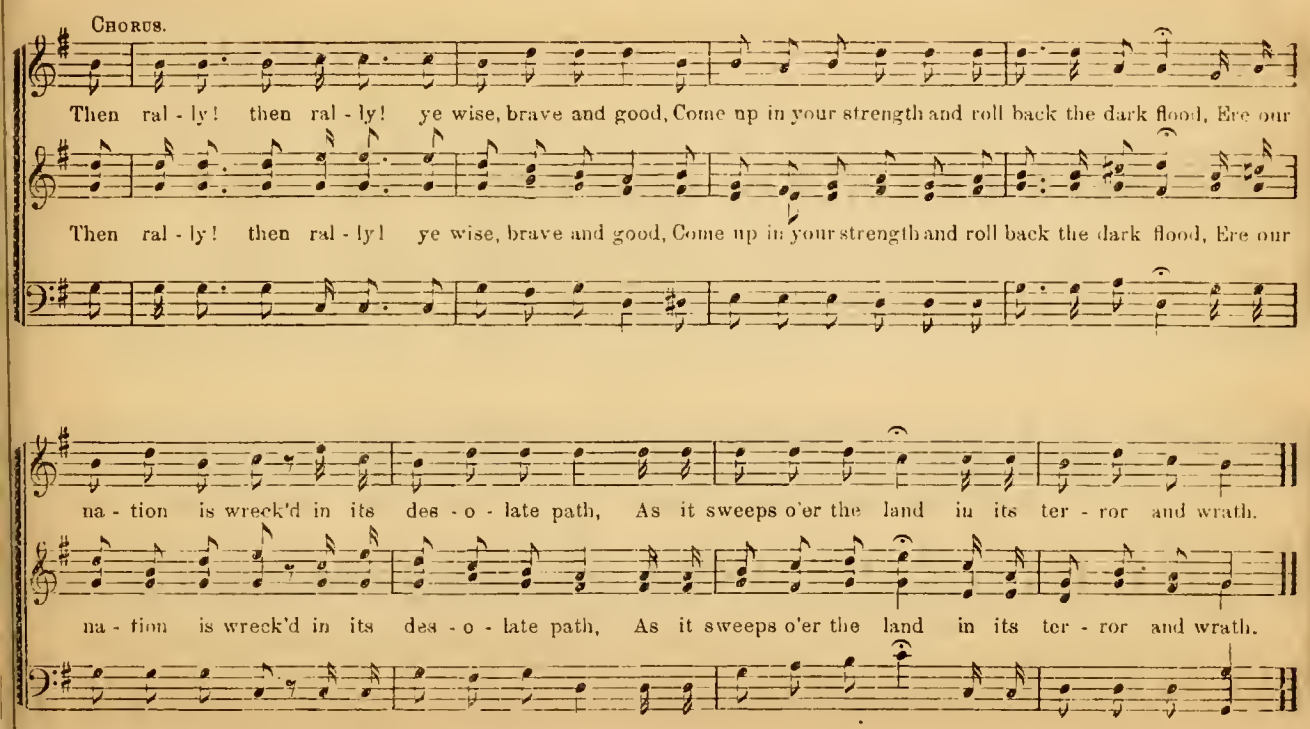
Words by W. H. BURLEIGH.

In declamatory style.

1. Dash the wine-cup a-way! tho' its spar - kle should be More bright than the gems that lie hid in the sea;
2. Where-so - ev - er the cup of con - fu - sion is poured—In cel - lars of want, or at lux - u - ry's board—
3. May the woe not be ours which smote Ephraim of old; Our glo - ry ne'er be like a tale that is told;

For a sy - ren un - seen by thine eyes, lurk - ing there, Would lure thee, thro' pleasure, to woe and despair.
From pal - ace and cot-tage, from ho - vel and hall, A wail go - eth up to the Fa - ther of all.

Nor the wolf, com - ing back to our cit - ies, e'er howl To the mournful re - ply of the bit - tern and owl!


Chorus.
Then ral - ly! then ral - ly! ye wise, brave and good, Come up in your strength and roll back the dark flood, Ere our
Then ral - ly! then ral - ly! ye wise, brave and good, Come up in your strength and roll back the dark flood, Ere our
na - tion is wreck'd in its des - o - late path, As it sweeps o'er the land in its ter - ror and wrath.
na - tion is wreck'd in its des - o - late path, As it sweeps o'er the land in its ter - ror and wrath.

SING WE MERRILY.

Words by W. HOYLE

Music by W. FISK.

1. Sing we mer - ri - ly, Sing we mer-ri - ly, Joy - ful strains we hith - er bring: Sweetest har - mo - ny,
2. Jov and hap - pi - ness, Joy and hap-pi - ness, Flow to cheer us on our way: Love and pu - ri - ty,

Brisk.

3. Homes are beau-ti - ful, Homes are beauti - ful, Chil-dren sing and chil - dren play, Earth seems love-li - er,

CHORUS.

Sweet-est har - mo - ny Shall the wak - ing ech - oes ring. Wel-come friend and wel - come stranger.
Love and pu - ri - ty Fill our heartsfrom day to day.

Earth seems love-li - er Where true temp'rance holds her sway. Wel-come friend and wel - come stranger,

All who love the soul of song; All who love the cause of free-dom, Wel-come to our fes tive throng.

All who love the soul of song; All who love the cause of free-dom, Wel-come to our fes - tive throng.

FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.

1. O Lord, our Guardian and our Stay. Do Thou our hum-ble efforts bless, And ev-ery e - vil take away, And spread the cause of righteousness.
2. From day to day Thy pow'r make known, Thy wisdom and Thy truth divine; And may we still Thy goodness own, While round our path Thy mercies shine.
3. O Lord, whatev - er good is done Is thro' Thine arm, Thy watchful care; And brighter trophies shall be won If Thou art on-ly with us there
4. The drunkard, Lord, in pit - y see, A slave to Sa - tan and to sin; O teach him from all sin to flee, Re - store and make him clean within.

WATER PURE FOR ME.

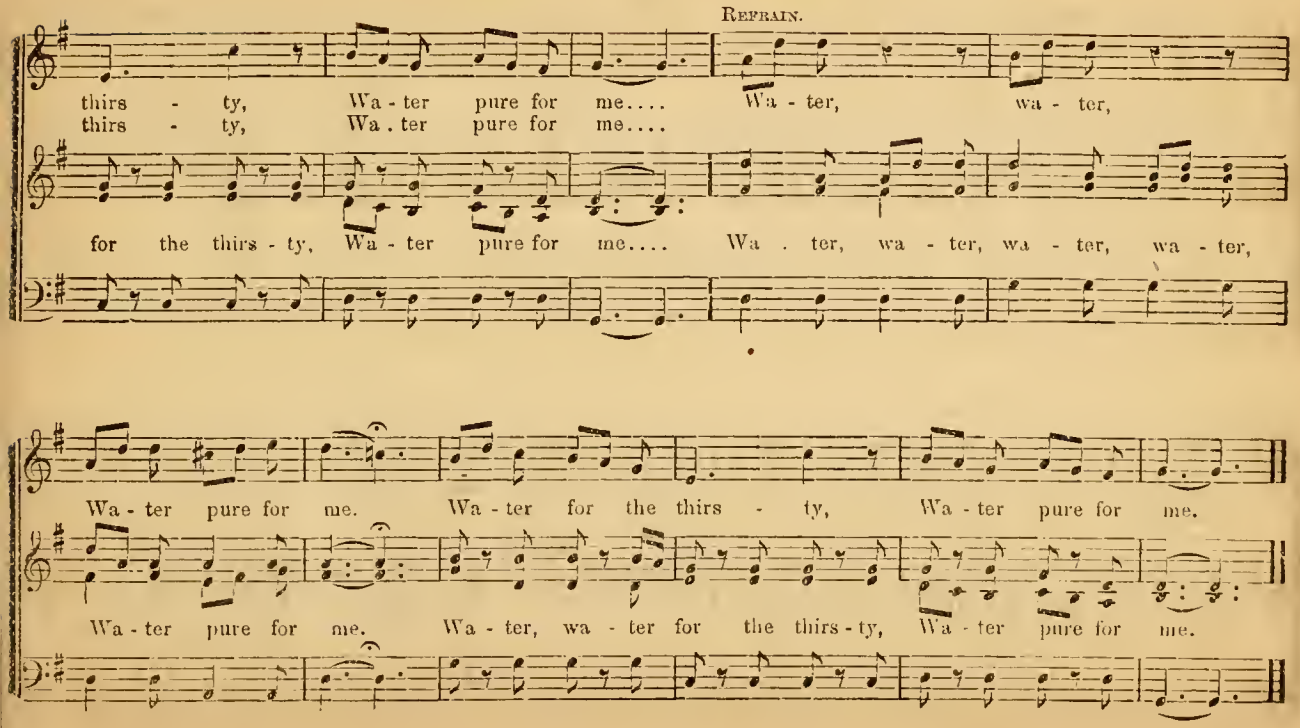
Music by T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Gushing from the foun - tain, Sparkling in the rill..... Singing in the mea - dows,
2. In the halls of rev - el, Where the sons of mirth Sing of rud - dy nec - tar
3. Bub - bling in the foun - tain, Roar - ing o'er the fall,.... Join the wel - come cho - rus,

Gushing, gush - ing from the fountain, Sparkling in the rill, the rill, Sing-ing, sing - ing in the meadows,
In the halls, the halls of rev - el, Where the sons of mirth, of mirth, Sing of rud - dy, rud-dy nee-tar,
Bub-bling, bub-bling in the fountain, Roar - ing o'er the fall, the fall, Join the welcome, welcome chorus,

Leaping from the hill. Fall - ing down in showers, Ris - ing from the sea, Wa - ter for the
And its la - tent worth; Change the wine to wa - ter, Come and sing with me. Wa - ter for the

Shout it one and all. Set the wel-kin ring - ing With your mer-ry glee, Wa - ter, wa - ter


REFRAIN.
thirs - ty, Wa - ter pure for me.... Wa - ter, wa - ter,
thirs - ty, Wa . ter pure for me....
for the thirs - ty, Wa - ter pure for me.... Wa . ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter,
Wa - ter pure for me. Wa - ter for the thirs - ty, Wa - ter pure for me.
Wa - ter pure for me. Wa - ter, wa - ter for the thirs - ty, Wa - ter pure for me.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY!

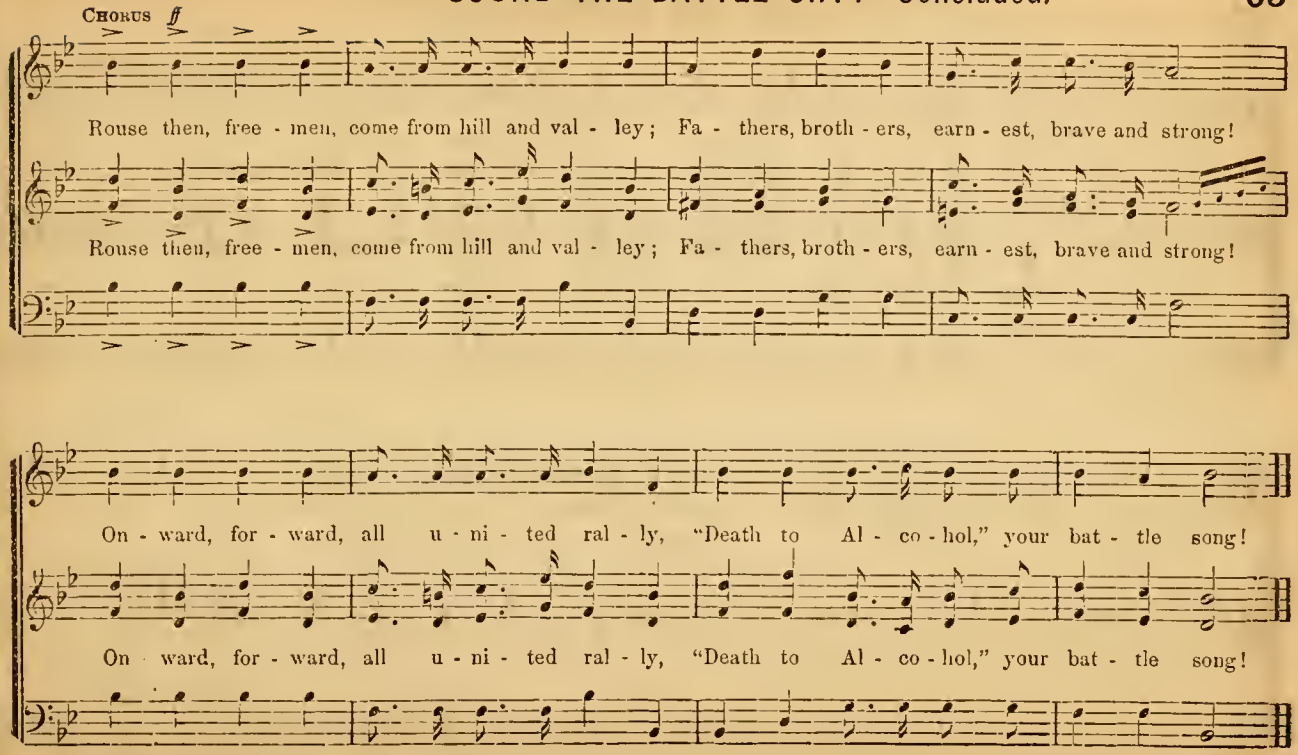
Vigorously, in march time.

Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN. From "BRIGHT JEWELS," by per.

1. Sound the bat - tle cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the stand - ard high For the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, March-ing on we go, While our cause we know Must pre - vail;
3. Oh! thou God of all, Hear us when we call; Help us one and all By thy grace;

Gird your ar - mor on. Stand firm ev - ery one; Rest your cause up - on His ho - ly word.
Shield and ban - ner bright Gleam - ing in the light; Batt - ling for the right We ne'er can fail.

When the bat - tle's done, And the vic - t'ry won, May we wear the crown Be - fore thy face.


Chorus ff
Rouse then, free - men, come from hill and val - ley; Fa - thers, broth - ers, earn - est, brave and strong!
Rouse then, free - men, come from hill and val - ley; Fa - thers, broth - ers, earn - est, brave and strong!
On - ward, for - ward, all u - ni - ted ral - ly, "Death to Al - co - hol," your bat - tle song!
On - ward, for - ward, all u - ni - ted ral - ly, "Death to Al - co - hol," your bat - tle song!

COME WHERE THE MOSS IS GROWING.

Arranged.

1. O come where the moss is grow - ing, Where the wild flow'rs scent the air; Where the
2. O come where the woods are ring - ing, Where the birds are blythe and gay, Like the
3. O come where the dark blue o cean Rolls its waves on the rock - bound shore,— It may

Chorus.

breeze is soft - ly blow - ing. Like the breath of an in - fant's pray'r. But a -
heart, just par - don'd, sing - ing That all sin has been wash'd a - way.

wake some pure e - mo - tion, As ye list to its cease - less roar. But a -

way from the tempt - ing tav - ern; Near the gin - pal - ace nev - er stray; 'Tis the

way from the tempt - ing tav - ern; Near the gin - pal - ace nev - er stray; 'Tis the

li - on's dead - ly cav - ern, come a - way! come a - way! come a - way!

li - on's dead - ly cav - ern, come a - way! come a - way! come a - way!

BAND OF HOPE UNION

Arr. from HOYLE.

1. { A - gain we raise the fes-tive song, A - gain we view our army strong, And welcome friends both old and young; Come
How glad are we to meet you here; U - nite with us and per - se - vere, The day of vic - t'ry shall ap - pear; Come

2. { Now Un - ion will increase our might, And gain us friends of truth and right, And put King Alcohol to flight, Come
For Un - ion gives an im-pulse great, It nerves the soul for a - ny fate And chas-es e - vil from the state; Come

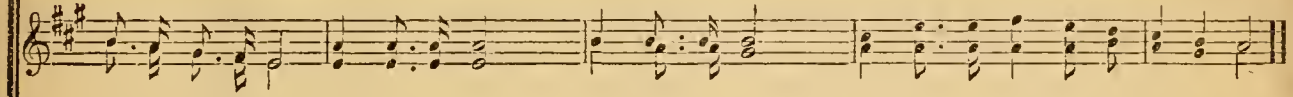
1st 2d CHORUS.

join our Band of Hope Un - ion. }
join our Band of Hope..... } Un-ion. Arm for the fight, Friends of truth and right! Arm for the fight, The

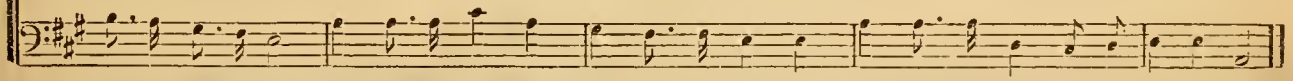
1st 2d CHORUS.

join our Band of Hope Un - ion. }
join our Band of Hope..... } Un-ion. Arm for the fight, Friends of truth and right! Arm for the fight, The

bat-tle is be-gun! March with the brave! March, march with the brave! March, march with the brave till the vict'ry's won.



bat-tle is be-gun! March with the brave! March with the brave! March with the brave 'till the vic-t'ry's won.



bat-tle is be-gun! March with the brave! March, march with the brave! March, march with the brave till the vict'ry's won.

3 Our Band will make homes smile again,
And far remove our country's bane,
And help the drunkard to abstain;
Come join our Band of Hope Union.
O then his wife will happy be,
His children sing and dance with glee,
And better times we all shall see;
Come join our Band of Hope Union.
Arm for the fight, &c.

4 Dear friends then join our noble band,
To bless the children of our land,
And aid the cause with heart and hand;
Come join our Band of Hope Union.
God leadeth on, why should we fear?
He'll give us strength to persevere,
The day of vict'ry shall appear!
Come join our Band of Hope Union.
Arm for the fight, &c.

WIDE AWAKE.

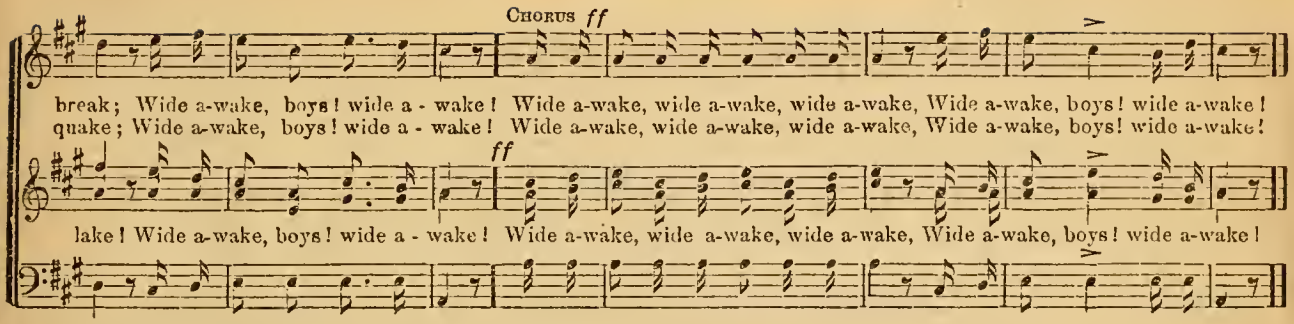
Words by GEO. S. BURLEIGH. W. F. S.

1. There's a la - bor to be wrought, There's a race that we must run, There's a bat-tle to be fought, And a
2. In the councils of the great, In the hovels of the low, In the ve - ry halls of state Sits the

3. See him in the ho - ly place, Lurking in the blessed wine; Glan-cing thro' the bri-dal lace, How his

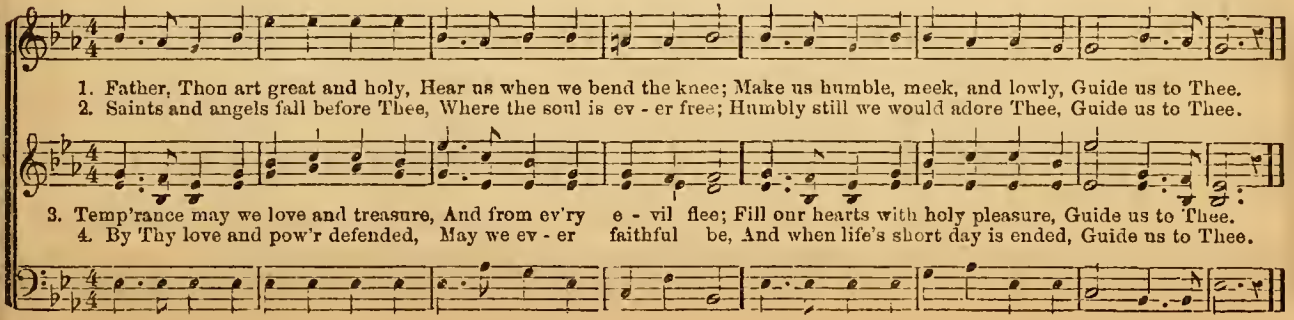
vic-t'ry to be won; Ho ye peo-ple! plunder'd all By the slaves of al - co - hol, Rouse, the demon's arm to
des - o - la - ting foe; On - ly hu - man life can slake His in - fer - nal thirst for blood; Smite him till his vassals

deadly eyeballs shine! Coiling like a venom'd snake, Strength and beauty feel his sting; Hurl him to his burn-ing



GUIDE US TO THEE.

W. FISK.



TOUCH NOT THE WINE

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

T. F. SEWARD.
From "THE SINGER," by per.

1. Touch not the wine, the ro - sy wine, In the gob - let gleaming high; With meteor flash the

2. Go seek the rill, the pure glad rill, There is joy in its tran - quil song; The stream that leaps from

bright beams shine, When the tempter's hand is nigh. Oh, turn a-way from his coiling chain to the voice that speaks with-

rock-bound hill, And laughs as it glides a - long. Our fathers drank from the crystal brook, When their hearts were worn with

in; Beware, beware! for the cup you drain May lead to a deep-er sin, a deeper sin. Touch not the wine, the

care; They loved to read from the holy book, Go drink to their mem'ry there, their mem'ry there. Touch not the wine, the

ro - sy wine, in the gob-let gleaming high; With meteor flash the bright beams shine, When the tempter's hand is nigh.

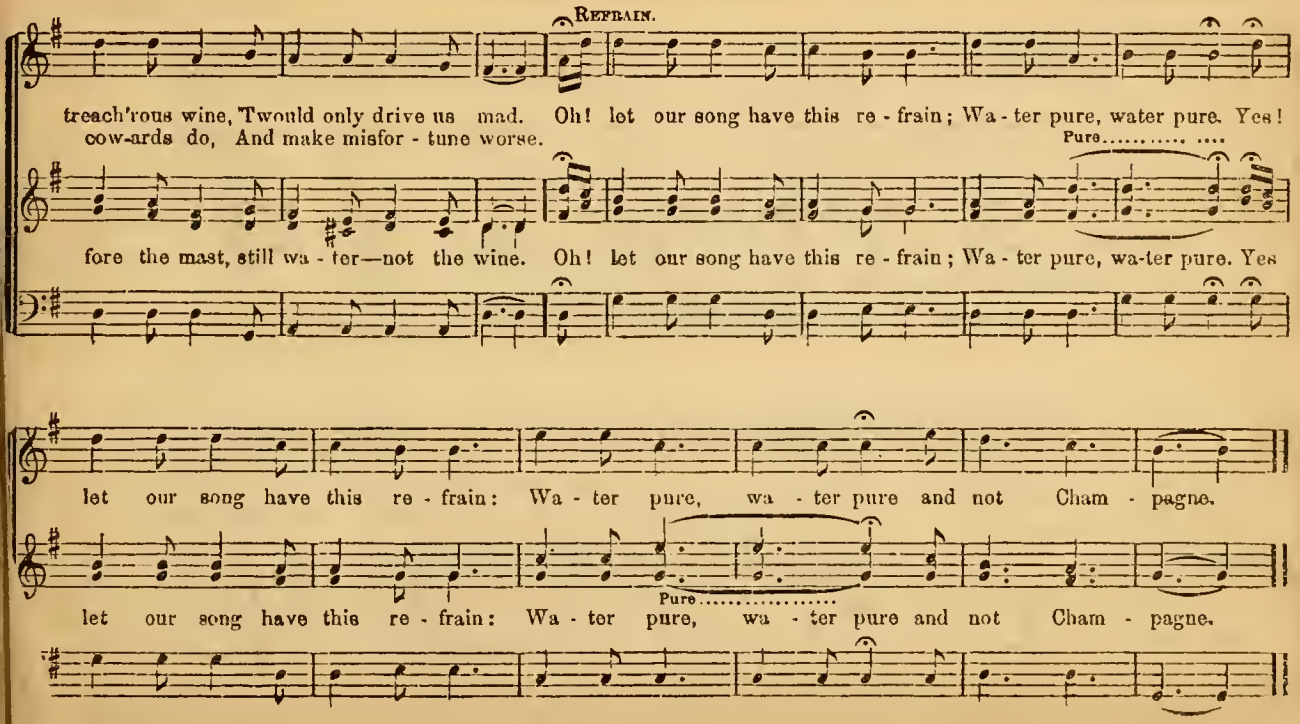
ro - sy wine, in the gob-let gleaming high; With me - teor flash the bright beams shine, When the tempter's hand is nigh.

WATER, NOT CHAMPAGNE.

Words by EDWARD CARSWELL. Music by Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. When for-tune smiles, and friends abound, And faith in love is strong, When joy with-in our hearts is found, And
2. When sor-row comes, a dark'ning cloud, And hope is al - most dead, When bit - ter foes a - round us crowd, And
3. In joy or sad - ness, pain or health, Be for - tune as it may, In pinching want, or gold-en wealth, At

on our lips a song. When mu - sic, mirth, and wit combine, And laughter makes us glad,—We need not then the
all our friends have fled,—Still let us brave-ly fight it thro', Nor add an - oth - er curse, By drinking wine as
la - bor or at play, No mat-ter where our lot be cast, In workshop, bank, or mine, Be - hind the plow, be -


Refrain.
treach'rous wine, Twould only drive us mad. Oh! let our song have this re - frain; Wa - ter pure, water pure. Yes!
cow-ards do, And make misfor - tune worse.
Pure
fore the mast, still wa - ter—not the wine. Oh! let our song have this re - frain; Wa - ter pure, wa-ter pure. Yes
let our song have this re - frain: Wa - ter pure, wa - ter pure and not Cham - pagne.
Pure
let our song have this re - frain: Wa - ter pure, wa - ter pure and not Cham - pagne.

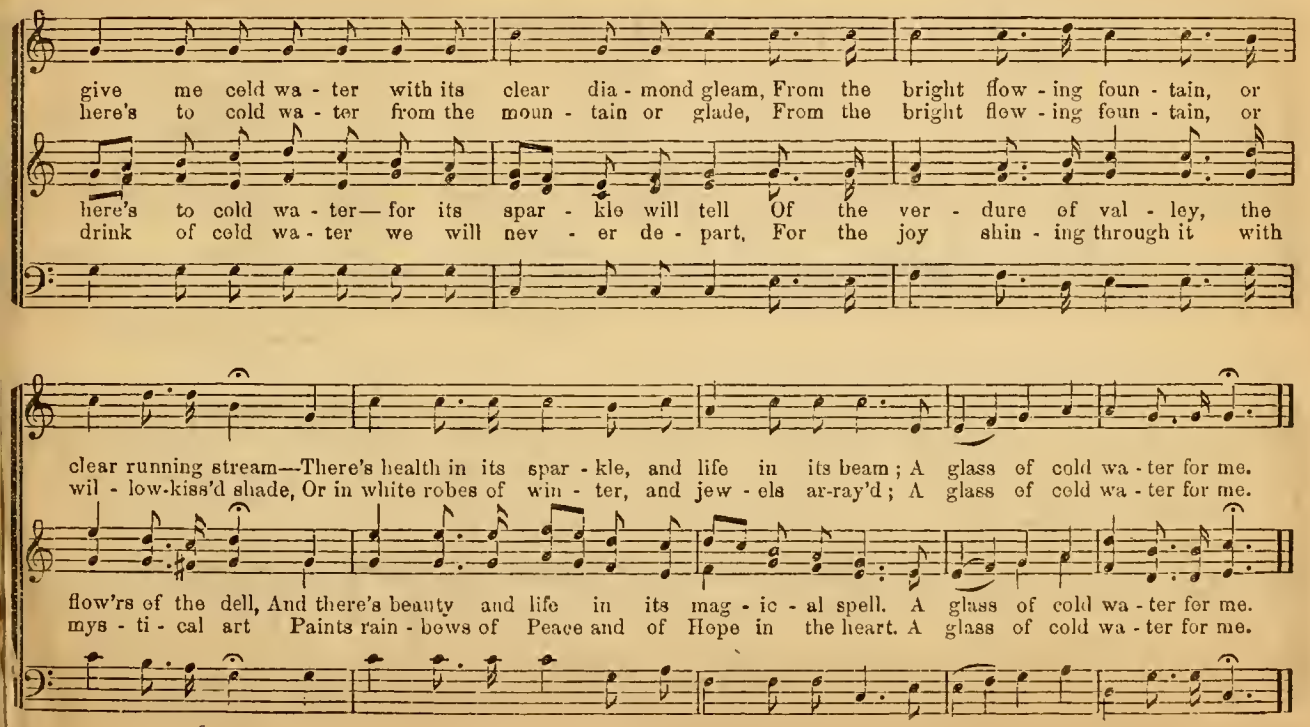
A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

Words by W. H. Mills

Music by E. ROBERTS.

1. Let oth - ers re - joice in their sparkling champagne That foams like the spray of the sea, And
2. Let oth - ers re - joice in the fire of the rye, Where the blood of the ser - pent runs free; Take
3. Let oth - ers re - joice in their bran - dy and gin— A brace of sad de - mons they be, Thrown
4. Let oth - ers re - joice in these spir - its so wild; Far from us they ev - er shall be, For the

swal - low their bumpers a - gain and a - gain, In the mad - ness and ri - ot of glee; But
heed of the vi - per and let him go by, Else ru - in will wait up - on thee. But
out up - on earth in the la - va of sin, In e - rup - tions at Hell's ju - bi - lee; But
sprite of our foun - tain is ho - ly, and mild— A sol - ace for me and for thee. From the


give me cold wa - ter with its clear dia - mond gleam, From the bright flow - ing foun - tain, or
here's to cold wa - ter from the moun - tain or glade, From the bright flow - ing foun - tain, or
here's to cold wa - ter— for its spar - kle will tell Of the ver - dure of val - ley, the
drink of cold wa - ter we will nev - er de - part, For the joy shin - ing through it with
clear running stream—There's health in its spar - kle, and life in its beam; A glass of cold wa - ter for me.
wil - low-kiss'd shade, Or in white robes of win - ter, and jew - els ar-ray'd; A glass of cold wa - ter for me.
flow'rs of the dell, And there's beauty and life in its mag - ic - al spell. A glass of cold wa - ter for me.
mys - ti - cal art Paints rain - bows of Peace and of Hope in the heart. A glass of cold wa - ter for me.

OUR BANNER SONG.*

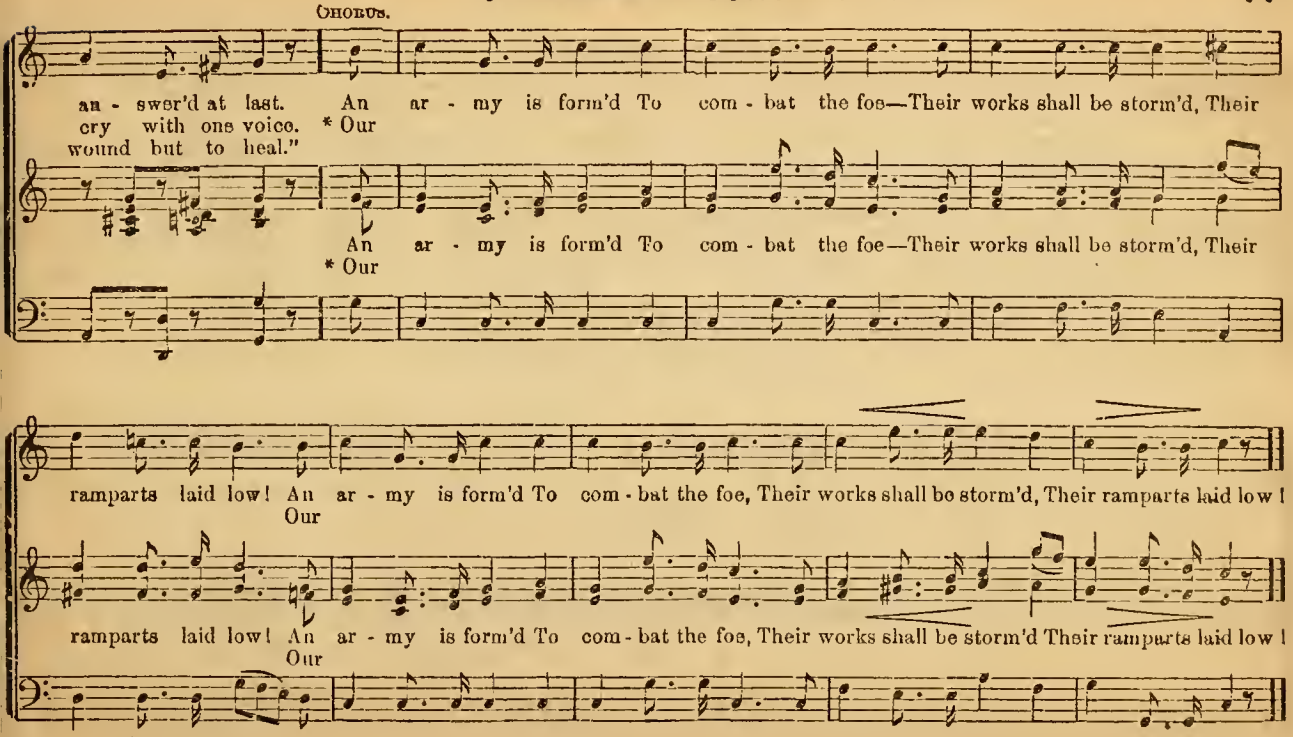
Words by E. Z. C. JUDSON. Music by CHA'S B. PRATT By permission.

1. Up— up with the flag of the cold wa - ter clan! Down, down with the foe that is
2. Then up with our flag on the land and the wave! The good will be glad while the
3. To your work—to your work in the Tem - per - ance ranks! Look to God for suc - cess, to the

cres - - - cen - - - - do.

hos - tile to man; The tears of the wid - ow running bit - ter and fast, The cries of the or - phan are
bad on - ly rave; The tempt - ed will pray and the wrong'd will rejoice, While the peo - ple in strength will
good for your thanks; Let the en - e - my rage, it proves that they feel; Our mot - to is this: "We

* Published with Lithograph title, and for sale at Music stores generally.



* *For the last verse.*

O BRAVELY STAND.

Words and Music by HENRY HARDING.

1. O brave-ly stand, ye friends of right. And for the cause of temp'rance fight, Re - solv'd to save from ru - in's blight, The tempt - ed and for - sa - ken.
2. Throughout the land the thrill - ing cry Is ev - er heard from low and high, For help to make the tempter fly, In ev - 'ry time of dan - ger.
3. O ral - ly now, with-out de-lay; 'Tis du - ty's call ye must o - bey, And res - cue those who are to-day The vic - tims of in - temp'rance.

CHORUS.

A - rouse ye then, and firm - ly stand,

A - rouse ye then, and firm - ly stand,

Drive the mon - ster from the land, For millions now on ev - 'ry hand, Are go - ing to de - struction.

Drive the mon - ster fron the land, For millions now on ev - 'ry hand, Are go - ing to de - struction.

TEMPERANCE WARRIOR!

S.

1. Temp'rance warrior! faint not, fear not, Tho' thy foes press quickly round, Care not if the bat - tle rages, Soon the victor's trump shall sound.
2. Trust thy God—he will support thee—Fighting in his sa - cred cause; Drunkenness will fall be - fore thee, Thou shalt triumph o'er thy foes.

3. Lo, the clouds of darkness clearing, Foes are waxing faint and few; Lib - er - a - ted souls are cheering, Give to God the praises due.

OUR ARMY.

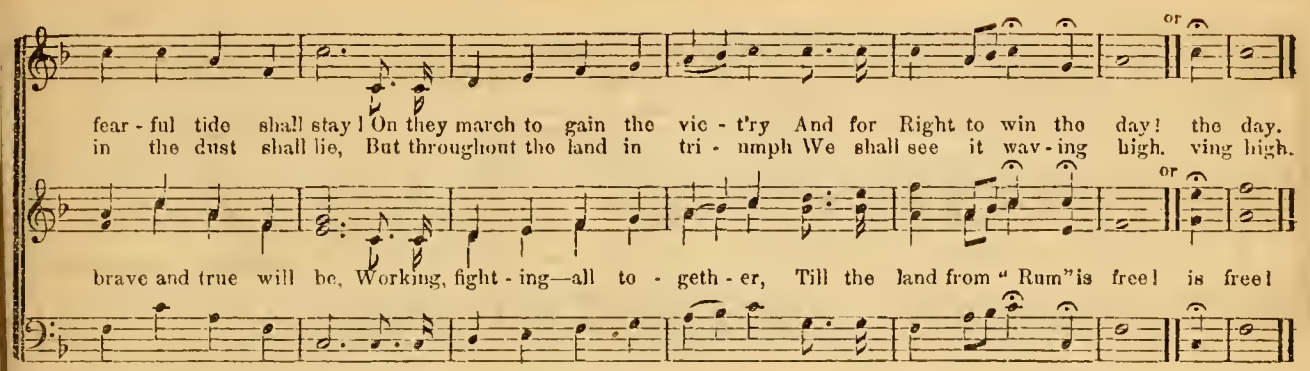
Words by W. W. DOWNS

Music by E. ROBERTS.

1. Shall the glorious Temp'rance Ar - my Ev - er stay the fear - ful tide Rushing like a migh-ty
2. Shall the ban - ner of our ar - my Ev - er in the dust be trail'd? Shall its folds be hid in
3. Will the sol - diers of our ar - my Ev - er to the cause prove true! Will they work and fight to -

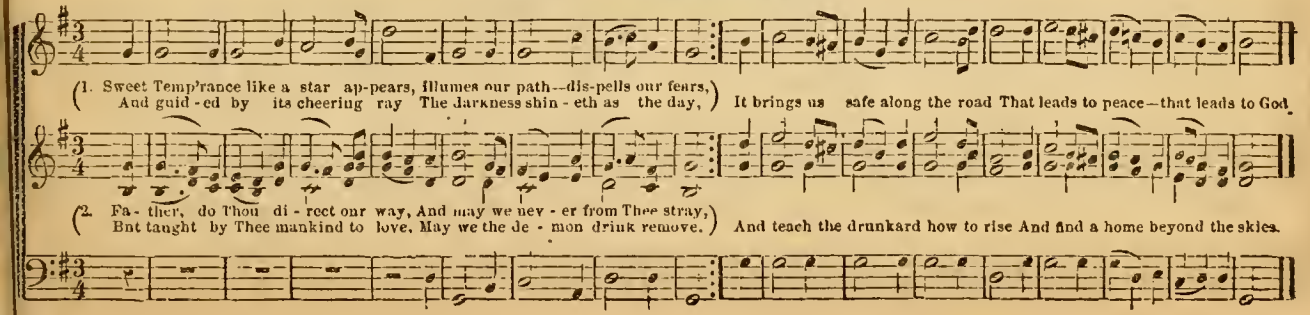
CHORUS.

tor - rent Spreading ru - in far and wide! Yes! the glo - rious Temp'rance Ar - my Soon the
dark - ness By the pow'r of Rum as - sail'd! No! the ban - ner of our ar - my Nev - er
geth - er! Al - ways keep the end in view? Yes! the sol - diers of our ar - my Ev - er



SWEET TEMPERANCE.

Italian Melody.



SPEED IT ONWARD!

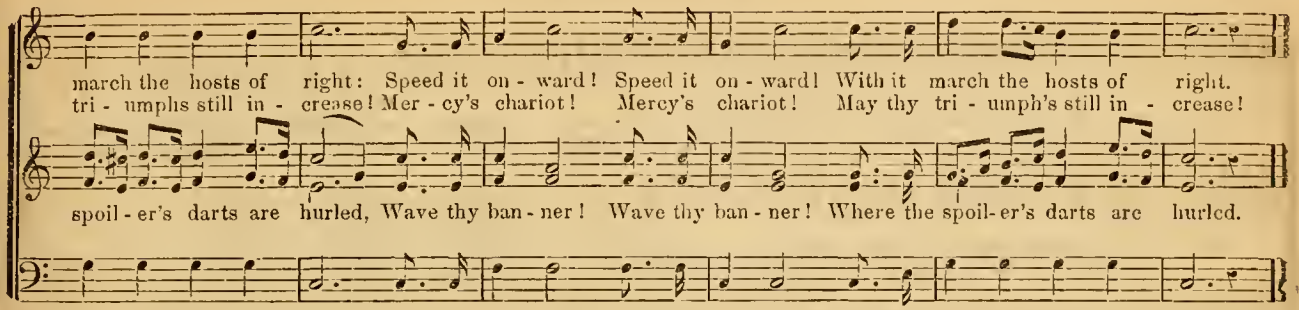
W. FISK.

1. On - ward see the car of temp - 'rance Roll - ing with re - sist - less might; Clear the way of ev-'ry
2. See be - fore it quickly flee - ing Death, and crime, and fell dis - ease; And the mind enslav'd 'tis

3. Lo, a brighter day is dawn - ing On our coun - try— on the world; Hearts once riven cease their

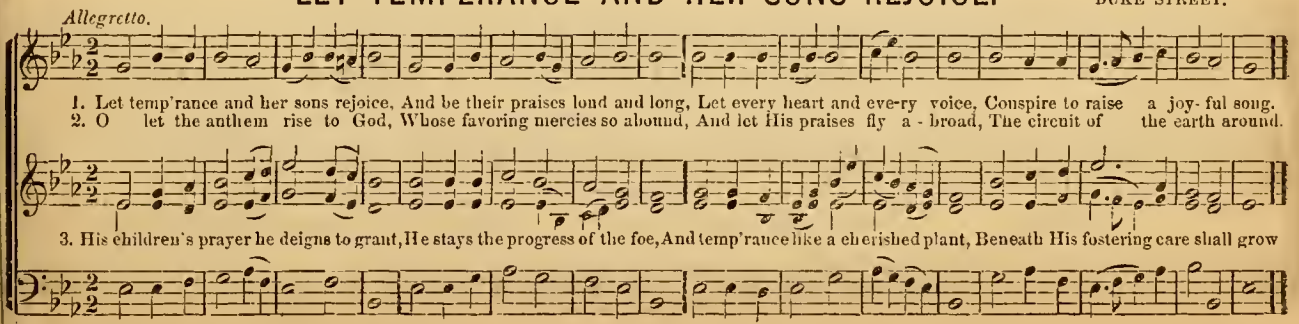
; hindrance, In its glo - rious course of light; Speed it on - ward! Speed it on - ward! With it
free - ing,— Giv - ing hap - pi - ness and peace. Mer - cy's cha - riot! Mer - cy's cha - riot! May thy

mourn-ing, where thy ban - ners are un - furl'd. Wave thy ban-ner! Wave thy ban - ner! Where the



LET TEMPERANCE AND HER SONS REJOICE.

DUKE STREET.



KING ALCOHOL!

Air.

1. King Al - co-hol has many forms by which he catches men, He is a beast of many horns, and ev - er thus has been;
2. King Al - co-hol is ve - ry sly, a li - ar from the first, He makes you drink until you're dry, Then drink because you thirst;

Tenor.

3. King Al - co-hol has had his day, his kingdom's crumbling fast, His vo - ta-ries are heard to say—Our tumbling days are past;
4. The shouts of the Tee-to - tal-ers are heard on ev -'ry gale, They're chanting now their victo-ry o'er ci - der, beer, and ale.

Bass.

For there's rum, and wine, and brandy of logwood hue, And hock combine to make a man get blue.

and gin, and brandy of logwood hue, and port, combine to make a man get blue.

and beer, and brandy of logwood hue. and flip, combine to make a man get blue.

He says be merry, Champagne and Per-ry, and li-quor of ev-'ry hue;
3d v. And now we're merry, Champagne or Per-ry, or li-quor of an-y hue,
4th v. And now they're merry, Champagne or Per-ry, or li-quor of an-y hue,

for here's good sherry, and li-quor of ev-'ry hue;
3d v. without our sherry, or li-quor of an-y hue,
4th v. without their sherry, or li-quor of an-y hue,

and Tom and Jerry, and li-quor of ev-'ry hue;
3d & 4th v. or Tom and Jerry, or li-quor of an-y hue;

1st & 2d v. Now are not these a fiendish crew as ever a mor-tal knew, Now are not these a fiendish crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew.

3d v. And now we are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew, And now we are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew.
4th v. And now they are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew, And now they are a temp'rate crew as ev-er a mor-tal knew.

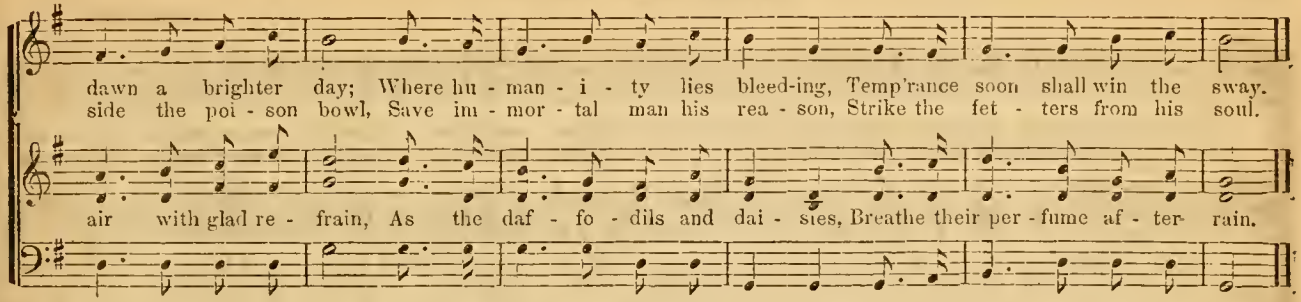
RALLY ROUND THE BANNER.

Words by GEO. W. BUNGAY. CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban - ner, Wake the ech - o with your song, Shake the hills with your ho - san - na, Swell the cho - rus loud and long. On - ward still the cause is speed-ing, Soon will san - na, Cheer the hearts ye toil to save. Wives and chil - dren join your prais - es, Fill the

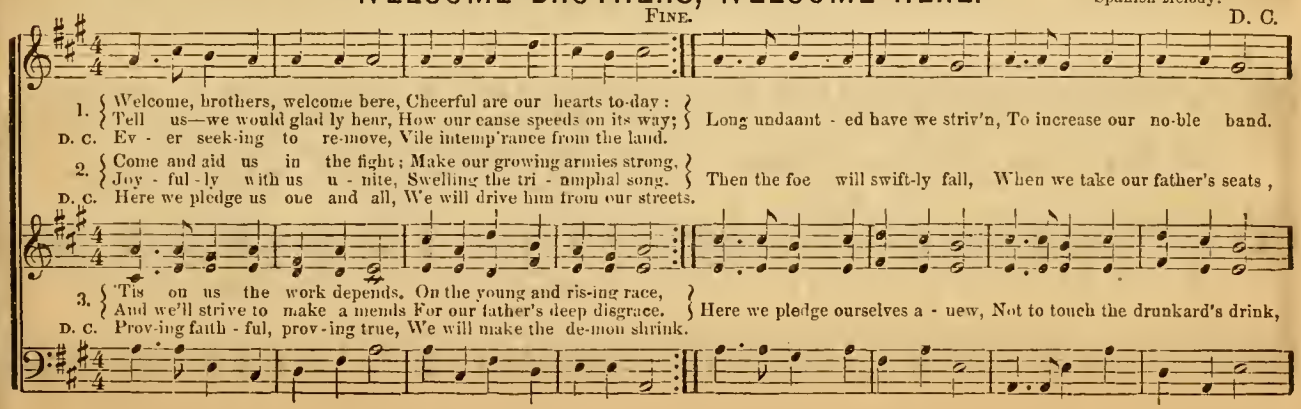
2. Ral - ly round the temp'rance stand-ard; In the war against this foe, Who will lead the glo - rious van - guard, Who will deal the conq'ring blow? Strike now, in and out of sea - son, Dash a -

3. Ral - ly round the temp'rance ban - ner; On the hill tops let it wave; Young and old with loud ho -



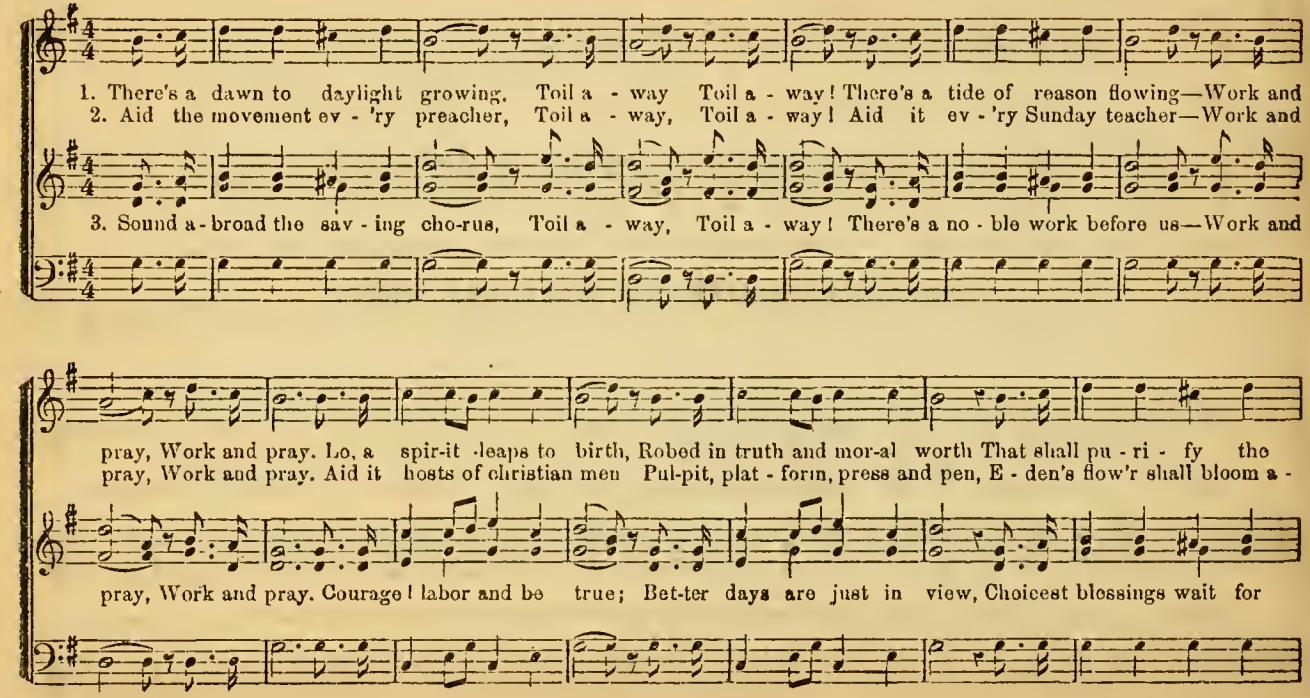
WELCOME BROTHERS, WELCOME HERE.

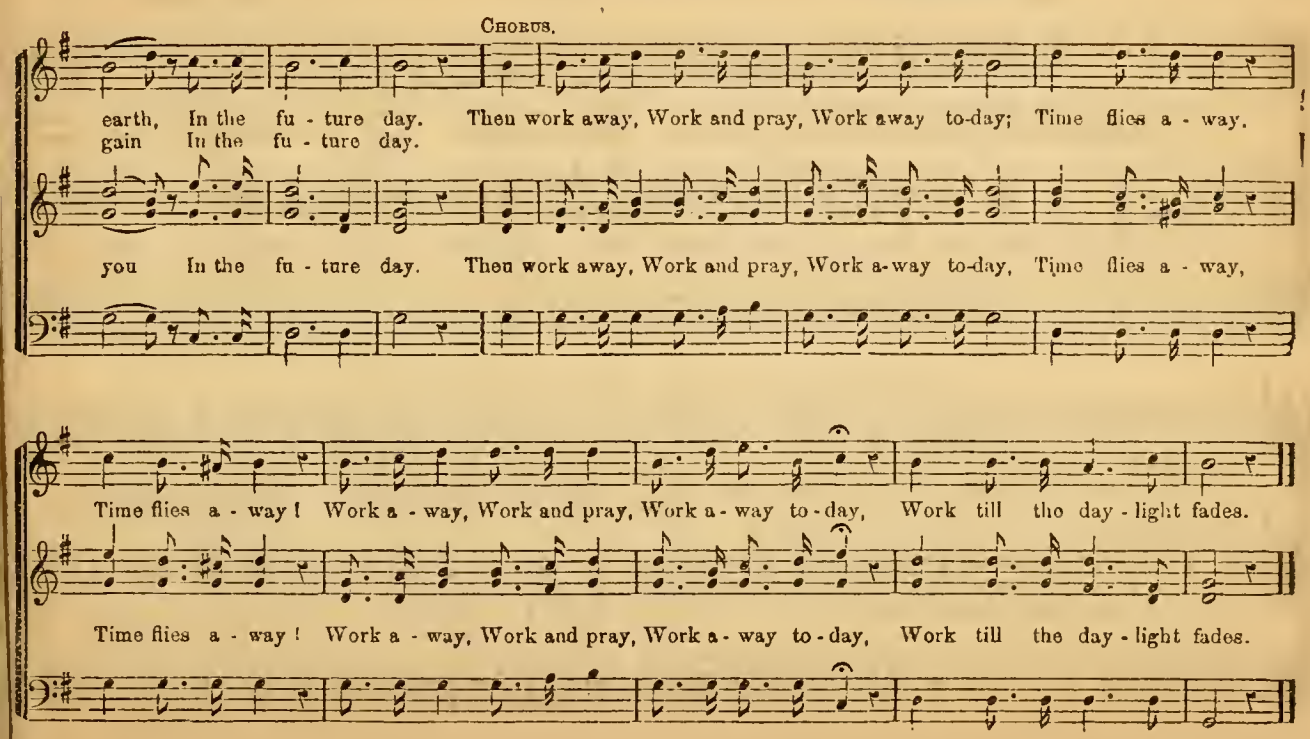
Spanish Melody.



WORK AND PRAY

W. H. DOANE




Chorus.
earth, In the fu - ture day. Then work away, Work and pray, Work away to-day; Time flies a - way.
gain In the fu - ture day.
you In the fu - ture day. Then work away, Work and pray, Work a-way to-day, Time flies a - way,
Time flies a - way! Work a - way, Work and pray, Work a - way to - day, Work till the day - light fades.
Time flies a - way! Work a - way, Work and pray, Work a - way to - day, Work till the day - light fades.

DEDICATION HYMN.

Words written for this work by W. W. DOWNS. From the "VICTORY," by per.

1. With grate - ful hearts, O God, to thee, For mer - cies in the past, Be - fore thy throne a -
2. To - night we meet with swell - ing hearts A Temp'rance flag to raise. And rear, be - neath its

3. But, should our hearts at times grow cold, Or la - bor seem in vain, Oh! let us think of

gain we come And pres - ent bles - sings ask. We know the cause in which we're join'd is
folds of light, An al - tar to thy praise. And, on this con - se - cra - ted shrine, Our

this glad scene, And on - ward press a - gain! Yes! on - ward, thro' the chan - ges that To

wor - thy of our zeal! Oh! grant that all who fill our ranks The glow-ing fire may feel!
rich - est gifts we'll lay With cheer - ful - ness, be - cause we know The Right shall win the day!

each will sure - ly come, We'll press with vig - or, till at last The Mas - ter calls "Come home!"

FATHER, IN THY LOVE AND MERCY.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. Father, in thy love and mercy, Look up - on our Temp'rance band; In this world of sin and dan - ger, Still support us by Thy hand.
2. While to Thee we look for safety, Thou wilt surely guide and bless, And pre-serve us now and ev-er, In the paths of righteousness.

3. On Thine arm a-lone depending, Faithful may we ev - er prove; Still our on-ward course pur-su-ing, In the work of truth and love.
4. Joy-ful songs and highest praises We will render day by day, While Thy nev - er - fail - ing mercy Flows to cheer us on our way.

SIGN THE PLEDGE.

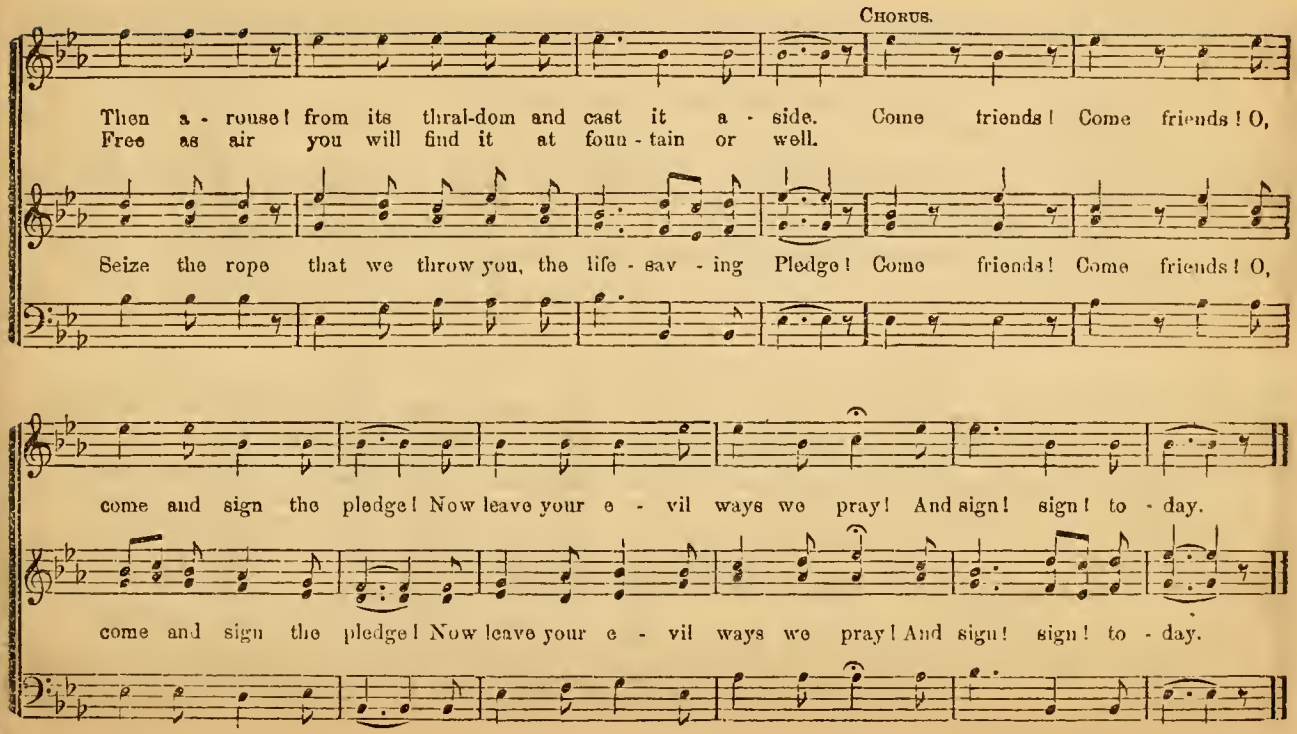
W. H. DOANE

Spirited.

1. Sign your name to the pledge, You that drink of the bowl; 'Twill be health to the bod - y, and
2. What you drink costs too dear, And is on - ly a curse! While the cup you are fill - ing, you're
3. Your wild thirst for the wine Grows al - read - y too strong, Tho' you may not have bow'd to its

peace to the soul. There is woe in the cup, it has oft - en been tried;
drain - ing your purse; But the drink we would give, is too plen - ty to sell.

ty - ran - ny long; There's a gulf just a - head, and you reel on the edge!


CHORUS.
Then a - rouse! from its thral-dom and cast it a - side. Come friends! Come friends! O,
Free as air you will find it at foun - tain or well.
Seize the rope that we throw you, the life - sav - ing Pledge! Come friends! Come friends! O,
come and sign the pledge! Now leave your e - vil ways we pray! And sign! sign! to - day.
come and sign the pledge! Now leave your e - vil ways we pray! And sign! sign! to - day.

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

FRANZ ABT. From "The Shawm," by per.

Allegro con fuoco.

1. Hear the Temp'rance call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's earnest cry; See your na - tive land
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; To the polls! the land to save; Let your lead - ers be

3. Hail our Fa - ther - land! Here thy chil - dren stand, All re - solved, u - nit - ed, true, In the Temp'rance cause

Lift its beck'ning hand, Sons of free - dom, come ye nigh; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his
True and no - ble, free, Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave; Chase the monster &c.

Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his

Chase the monster from our

ff

cru - el reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er.

ff

cru - el reign be o'er; Chase the monster from our shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er.

shore, Let his cru - el reign be o'er,

WATER FROM ITS FOUNTAINS GUSHING.

SICILIAN HYMN.

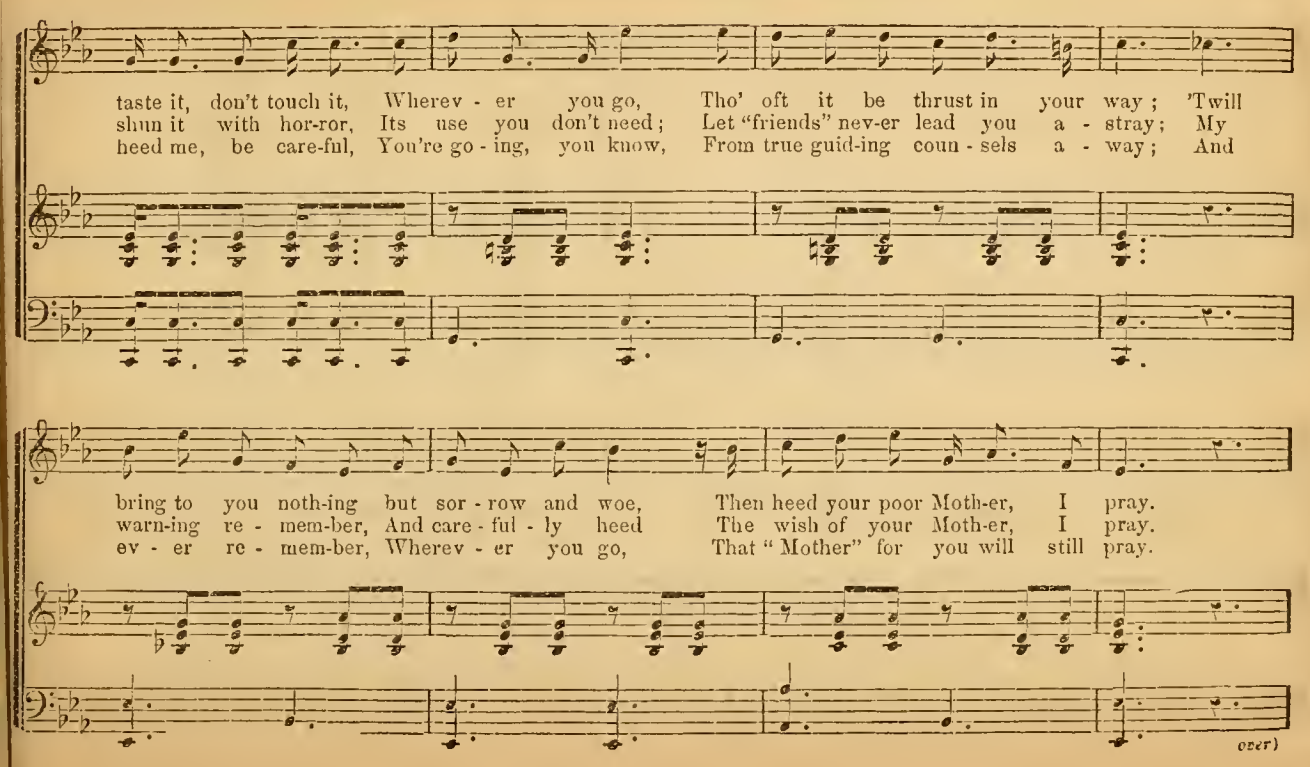
1. Wa - ter from its fountains gushing, Is the drink we ev - er choose; Ru - by wine in gob - lets blushing, We for - ev - er will re fuse.
2. Come and join us, fathers, mothers, Come and join our temp'rance band; Come and join us, sis - ters, brothers, And we will re - deem the land.

3. Heed, O heed the call of du - ty, In the temp'rance ranks appear; Hoary age and maid - en beauty, With the strong and brave are here
4. Come and drink, with shouts of gladness, Water from the gushing spring; Bid a - dieu to wine and sadness, And with cheer - ful voices sing.

MOTHER WILL PRAY FOR YOU.

by per. of W. W. WHITNEY, publisher, Toledo, O. FRANK. HOWARD.

1. I pray you, my son, "nev-er drink the first dram," Though strongly companions may urge; Its pleas-ing ef - fect is a ter - ri - ble sham, Your sen - ses 'twill sad - ly sub - merge; Don't
2. I pray you, my son, "nev-er take the first dram," But think of a fu - ture so bright, Oh, shun all in - ducements to drink, "be a man!" And crown my last years with de - light; Yes!
3. I pray you, my son, "nev-er touch the first dram," 'Twill blight fu-ture years with des-pair; Oh, think of the days since your life first be - gan, I've watch'd you with ten - der - est care; Then


taste it, don't touch it, Wherev - er you go, Tho' oft it be thrust in your way; 'Twill
shun it with hor-ror, Its use you don't need; Let "friends" nev-er lead you a - stray; My
heed me, be care-ful, You're go - ing, you know, From true guid-ing coun - sels a - way; And
bring to you noth-ing but sor - row and woe, Then heed your poor Moth-er, I pray.
warn-ing re - mem-ber, And care - ful - ly heed The wish of your Moth-er, I pray.
ev - er re - mem-ber, Wherev - er you go, That "Mother" for you will still pray.
over)

MOTHER WILL PRAY FOR YOU. Concluded.

CHORUS.

Don't touch it, don't taste it, Its use you wont need. Let "Friends" nev-er lead you a - stray; My

Don't touch it, don't taste it, Its use you wont need. Let "Friends" nev-er lead you a - stray; My

warn-ing re - mem - ber, and care - ful - ly heed The wish of your moth-er, I pray.

warn-ing re - mem - ber, and care - ful - ly heed The wish of your moth-er, I pray.

A SONG FOR WATER.

Words by GEO. COOPER. WM. F. SHERWIN.

Sprightly.

1. A song, a song for wa - ter bright, In love and beau - ty flow - ing! It
2. There's balm in ev - ery spark - ling drop, In ev - ery wave there's pleas - nre; In
3. It nerves the hand to deeds of might! It wakes the heart to glad - ness! It
4. From ev - ery vale and plain and hill It speaks of na - ture's kind - ness! O,

CHORUS.

sings its way in joy and might, The gift of heav'n be - stow-ing. A song, a song for
dia - mond spray it leaps a - way, A love - ly boon and treasure;
breathes a psalm of pure de - light, And charms us all from sadness!
may we heed the les - son still, Nor shun it in our blindness!

wa - ter fair; As pure and free as mountain air, As pure and free as moun - tain air!

WILL YOU GO WITH US?

SETH T. DOOLITTLE.

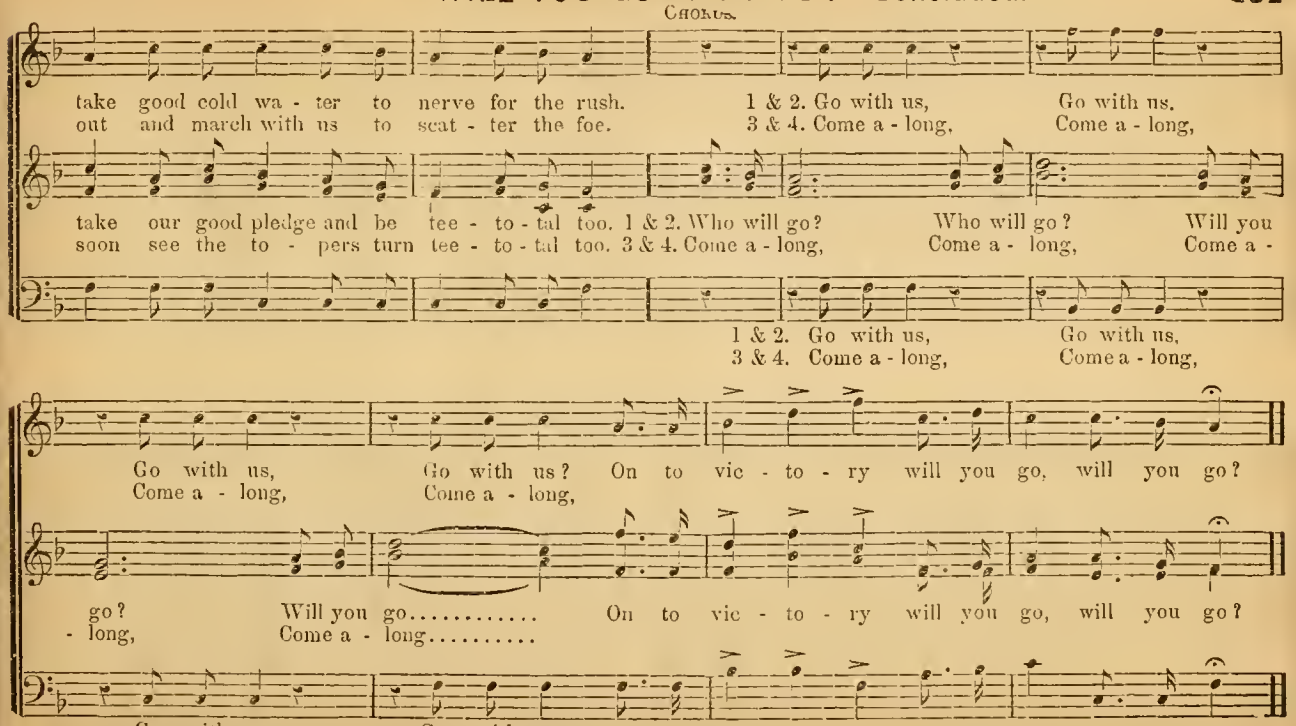
In march time.

1. We have en - ter'd the field and are read - y to fight, With the ar - my of Rum - mies from
2. We're de - ter - mined to con - quer ("*no die*" in this fight,) For we can't bear a rum hole at

3. Now ye rum - sell - ing hordes, our ad - vice is to you— Put a - way your foul trade for it
4. And the la - dies;—dear la - dies, we ask you to night, Will you cheer on the sol - diers and

mor - ning till night; All their traf - fic in drinks we're de - ter - min'd to crush, And we'll
all in our sight; For they look bad, they smell bad, they are bad we know, So turn

nev - er will do; It is in - jur - ing us— it is ru - in - ing you, Come and
aid in the fight; For with you on our side, this is what we will do, We will


CHORUS.
take good cold wa - ter to nerve for the rush.
out and march with us to scat - ter the foe.
1 & 2. Go with us, Go with us.
3 & 4. Come a - long, Come a - long,
take our good pledge and be tee - to - tal too. 1 & 2. Who will go? Who will go? Will you
soon see the to - pers turn tee - to - tal too. 3 & 4. Come a - long, Come a - long, Come a -
1 & 2. Go with us, Go with us,
3 & 4. Come a - long, Come a - long,
Go with us, Go with us? On to vic - to - ry will you go, will you go?
Come a - long, Come a - long,
go? Will you go..... On to vic - to - ry will you go, will you go?
- long, Come a - long.....
Go with us, Go with us.
Come a - long, Come a - long,

COLD WATER BATTLE HYMN.

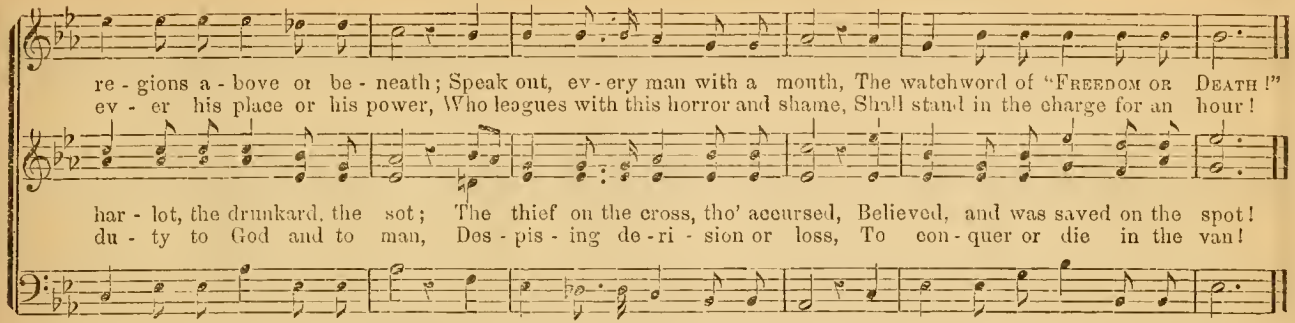
Words by Rev. GEO. LANSING TAYLOR. W. F. S.

1. Stand up for the cold-wa-ter fight 'Gainst doc-tor and law-yer and priest; Stand up and do bat-tle for
2. No quar-ter to al-co-hol! None To aid-ers, a-bet-tors, or friends! Who pleads for a fiend so well

3. The breath of Je-ho-vah the Lord Goes forth with the tem-perance host, Who move in the might of his
4. Fling out the old flag to the sky! Let it flash in the sun and the breeze, While tem-per-ance legions march

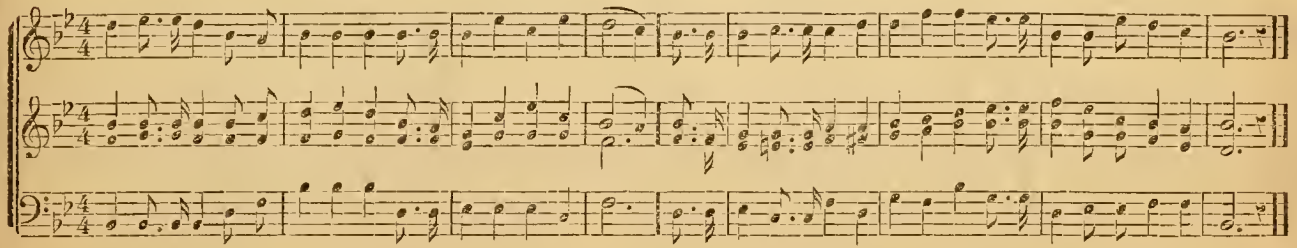
right 'Gainst foes from the West or the East; Come they from the North or the South, From
known, His voice to the de-vil he lends! And no man, what-ev-er his name, What-

word To save and to suc-cor the lost! God's Son gave his life for them all, The
by! Down! down the whole host on your knees! Swear! swear by the FOUN-TAIN AND CROSS, By



THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

W. F S.



1 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high;
When the rocks and the woods their shadows fling
Where the pearls and the pebbles lie.

2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow;
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
In the frost and the fleecy snow.

3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone;
When the flow'rs are in bloom and echoes ring
From the woods o'er the verdant lawn.

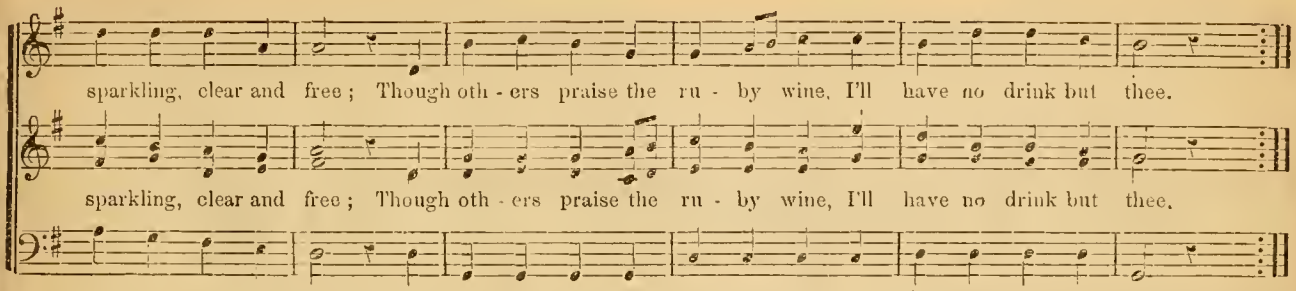
LET OTHERS BOAST.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

1. Let oth - ers boast of ru - by wine, And loud its prais - es sing; A sweet - er draught shall still be mine—Bright wa - ter from the spring.
2. For strength of bod - y and of mind, From liv - ing wa - ter flow, And pur - est pleasures they shall find, Who all its beau - ties know.
3. No poi - son lurks con - cealed with - in Its rip - ples pure and bright; No taint of black and hate - ful sin Pol - lutes its li - quid light.
4. Then come, ye tip - plers, drink with me And join our no - ble band, And from rum's bond-age soon we'll free Our own be - lov - ed land.

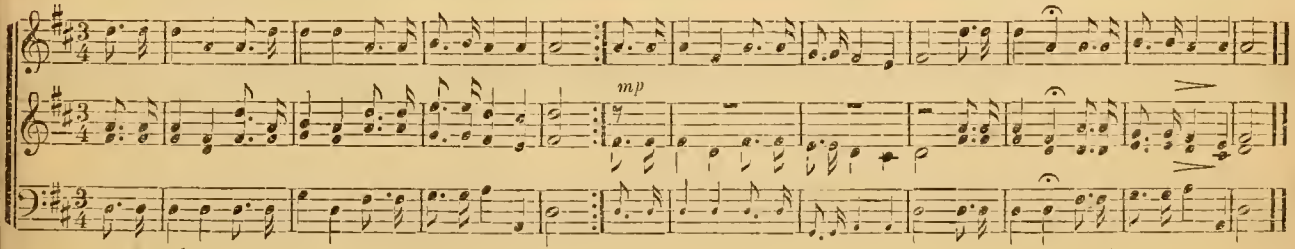
CHORUS.

Oh, wa - ter, bright wa - ter, so
Oh, wa - ter, bright wa - ter, so



FOR THE THOUSANDS, LORD, THAT SUFFER.

ZION. DR. T. HASTINGS. By permission.



1.
For the thousands, Lord, that suffer,
We would labor every day;
Be thou still our sure defender
And direct us in the way
Of thy goodness;
Help us now we humbly pray.

2.
On the dark abodes of sorrow
Bid the light of temp'rance shine;
Lead, O lead the fallen drunkard
In the way of truth divine;
And his children,
Make them now and ever thine.

3.
From the homes of rich and mighty,
And the dwellings of the poor,
Friends of truth and temp'rance gather,
Till strong drink shall be no more;
Far removing
Galling bondage from the shore.

4.
Thousands in thy courts assembled
Then shall give thee nobler praise;
Angels in the realms of glory
Shall their lofty anthems raise
For the Drunkard
Living in thy holy ways.

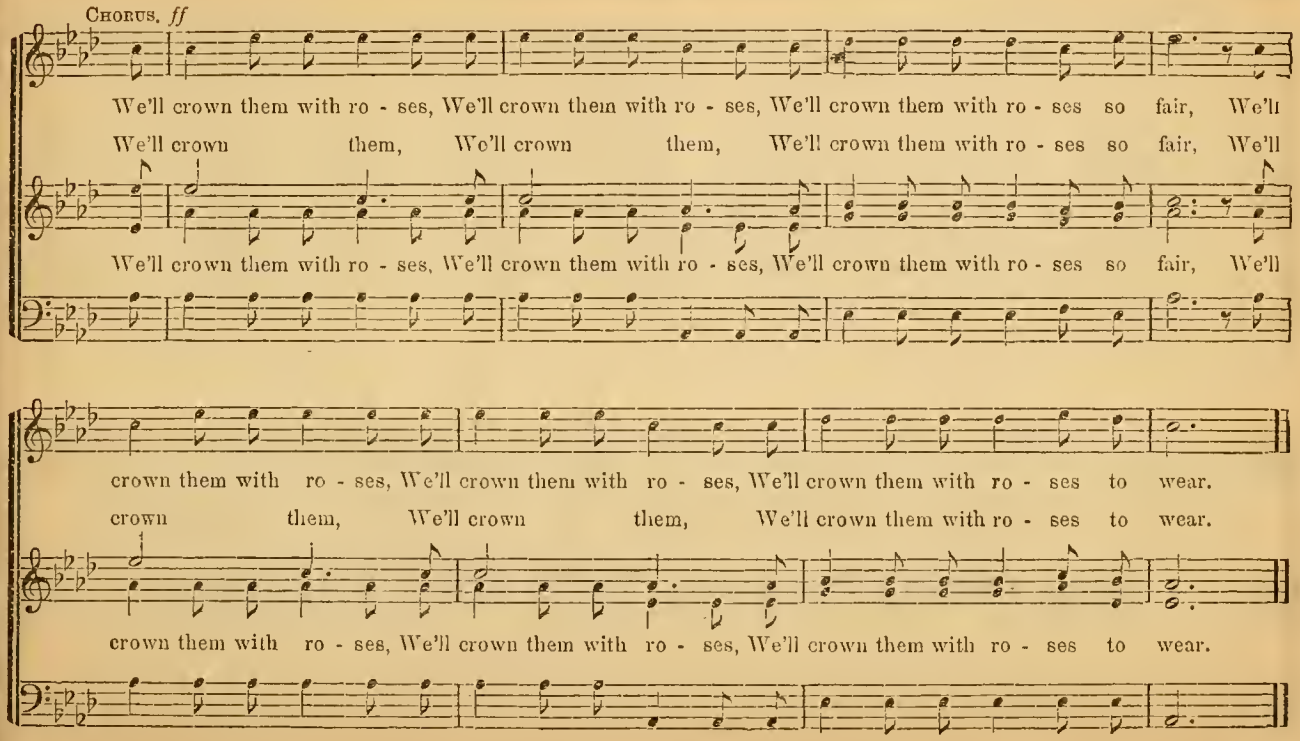
WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES.

From the "The Silver Song," by per. W. A. Ogden.

1. We'll take up our stand For the youth of our land, And weave them a gar - land to wear. Tho' no
2. We'll tempt not the youth from the foun-tain of truth, Whose wa - ters are pure and di - vine, But we'll
3. Our sweet household joys, all the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempt-er so bold, And we'll

leaves of the vine In our wreath shall en - twine, For we'll crown them with ro - ses so fair.
ban - ish for - e'er From our homes that are dear, The chal - ice that spar - kles with wine.

bind their white brows that with in - no - cence glow, With a crown that is rich - er than gold.


Chorus. ff
We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses so fair, We'll
We'll crown them, We'll crown them, We'll crown them with ro - ses so fair, We'll
We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses so fair, We'll
crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses to wear.
crown them, We'll crown them, We'll crown them with ro - ses to wear.
crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses, We'll crown them with ro - ses to wear.

WATER BEAUTIES.

Words by GEO. S. BURLEIGH. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. How beau-ti - ful the Rain when it twinkles to the plain, Like a million lit - tle jew - els of the sun! How it
2. What a diamond is the Dew as it catches eve - ry hue Of the leaf-let and the pe - tal where it lies; And the
3. How delightful is the Rill as it trickles from the hill With a glimmer thro' the nodding of the ferns: Like the

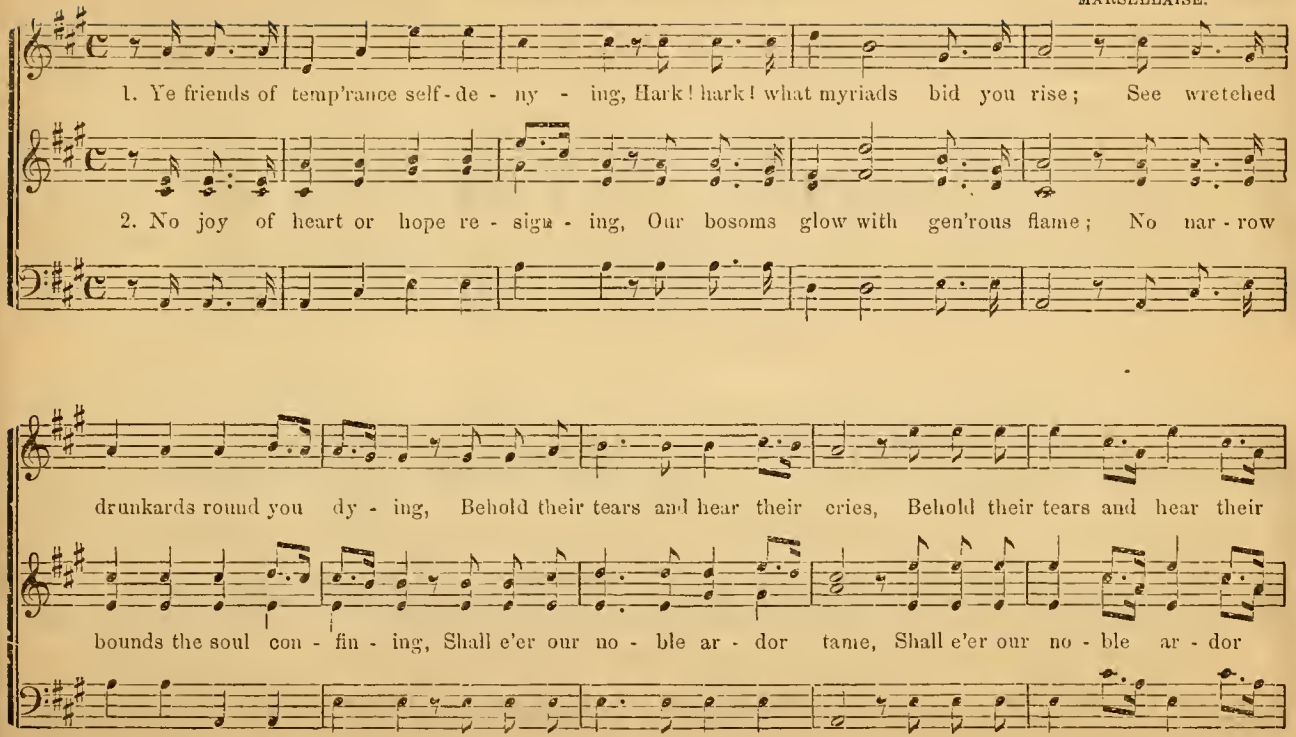
4. What a liquid twinkle drips from the mower's fevered lips And the lips be - low, so mos-sy of the well! Where the
5. O the wa - ter eve- ry-where, from the rock and from the air, Is a beau- ty that is bet - ter than we know: 'Tis the

sparkles in the cup that the Lil - y holdeth up, 'Till the fai - ry peo- ple laugh a - gain to see it o - ver-run!
grasses of the field and the quickened mosses yield, In an o - dor as of thankfulness, their morning sac-ri - fice.
char - i - ty of men, that if hid - den shows a- gain, In the fresher life that ev - er seems to kindle where it burns!

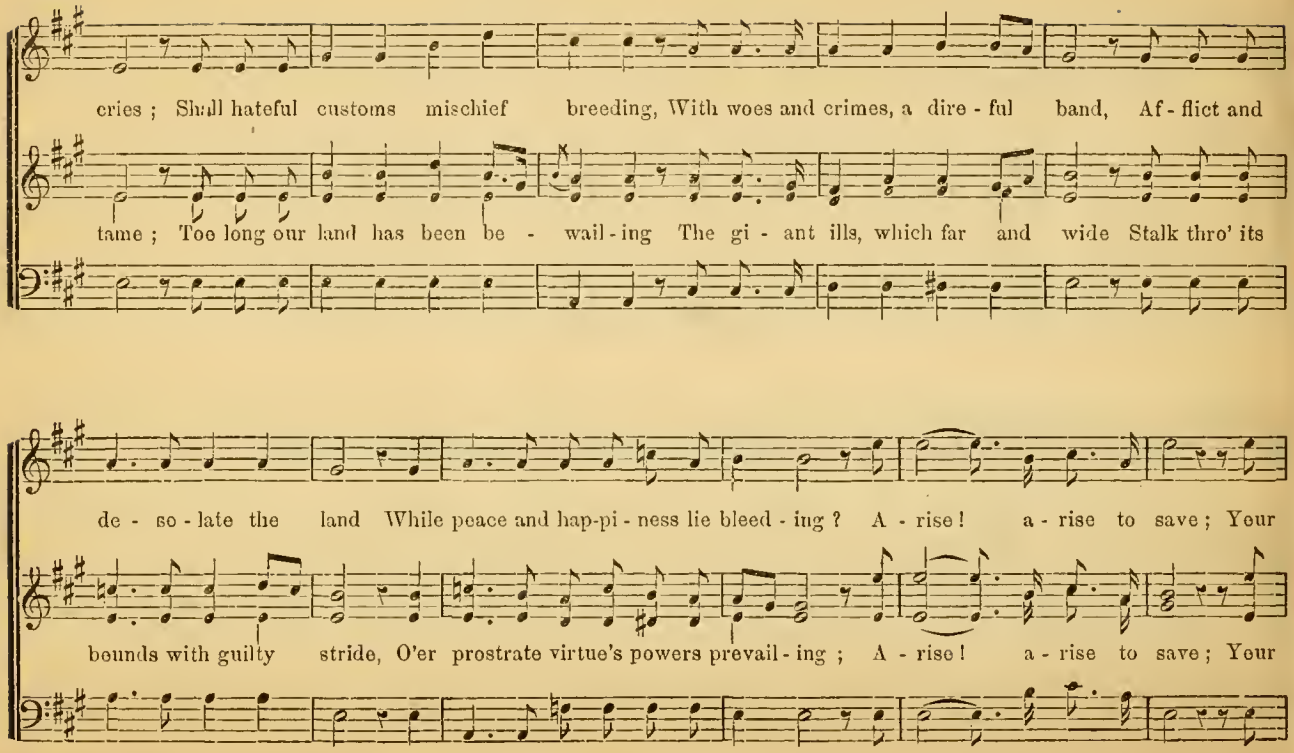
fa - ther and the child, and the maiden un - de - filed, From the oak-en buck- et fill their cup of crys-tal hy - dromel.
an - gel of the Lord to the reap-er and the sward, And the ha - lo on her forehead is His glo - ry - tint - ed Bow!

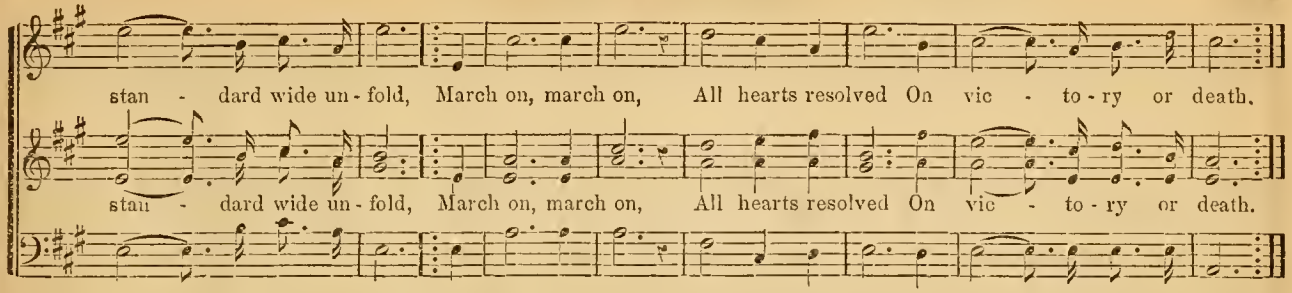
ARISE! ARISE TO SAVE.

MARSELLAISE.



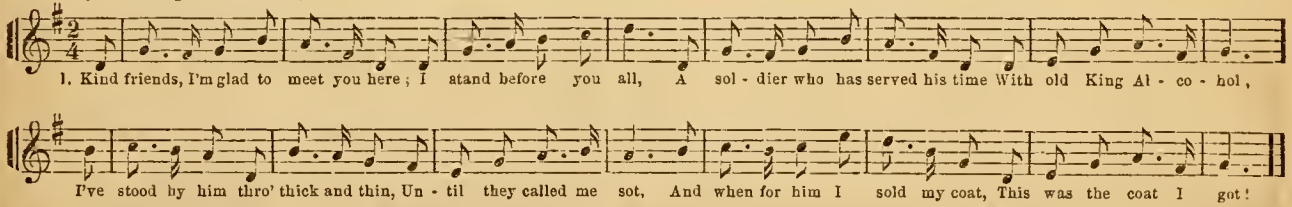
ARISE! ARISE TO SAVE. Continued.





A FALSE FRIEND.

Words by EDWARD CARSWELL.
(*To be sung in character.*)



2 I fought for him, I bled for him
As through the street I'd rave,
And when thro' him I lost my hat,
This is the hat he gave.
My boots were of the neatest fit,
As fine as boots could be;
For him I gave away my boots
And then he *booted* me.

3 My eyes were of the deepest blue,
Nor lustre did they lack;
But now you see they both are red,
And one is also black.
My nose was never beautiful,
But still was not amiss;
Old Alcohol he touched it up,
And what d'ye think of this?

4 He promised I should courage have
For all the ills of life;
The bravest thing he made me do
Was—beat my little wife.
He promised he would give me wit
And I should ne'er be sad,
Instead of which he took away
What little sense I had.

5 The health and wealth he promised me,
He never, never gave;
But when he'd taken all I had,
I found myself a slave.
So now I'll fight for him no more
For woe is all his pay;
He's cheated me and lied to me
I'll join the "Sons" to-day.

WILL YOU JOIN US?

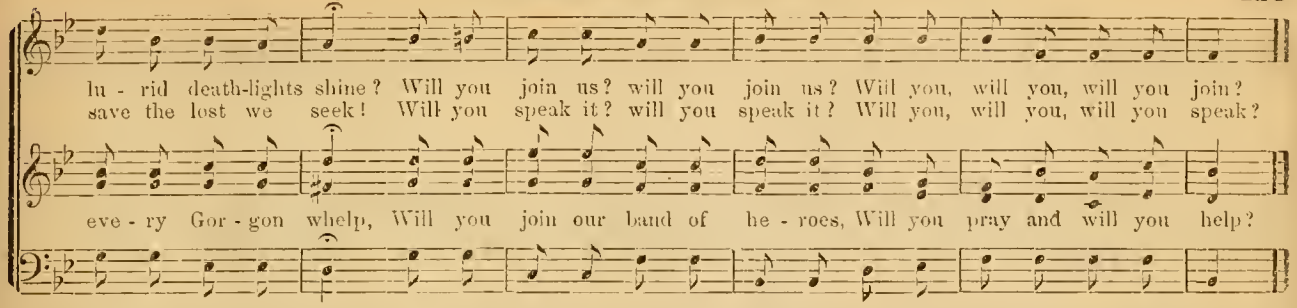
Words by GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

x——.

1. Will you join us in the bat - tle On the de - mon of the wine? While as cat - tle to the
2. Will you speak a word of warn - ing To the care - less and the weak, Tho' the scorning of the
3. Will you help us slay the de mon Tho' his sod - den brood may yelp? Will you dare him tho' his

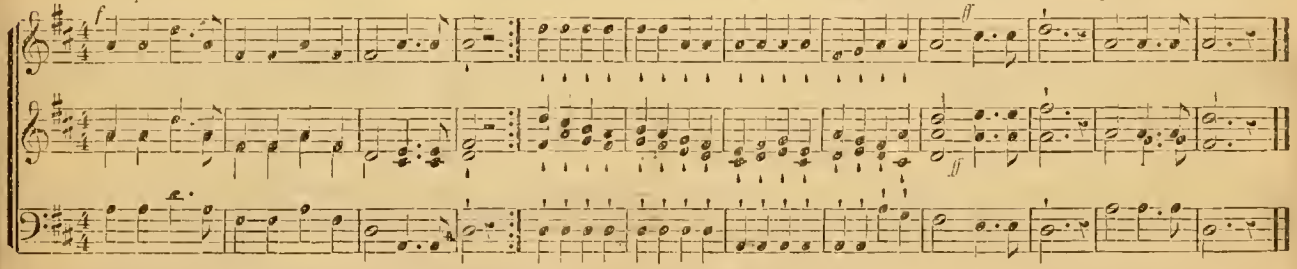
slaughter, All his sol - diers of the line Reel and tot - ter to their ru - in, Where the
scof - fer Daunt the vir - tue of the meek? Heaven can of - fer noth - ing no - bler Than to

fortress Tow - er like an i - ron Alp! We will rout his drag - on ar - mies, Slay his



GOD SPEED THE RIGHT. Part Song.

With spirit. FROM THE GERMAN. Words by W. E. HICKSON.



1 Now to heav'n our pray'r ascending,
God speed the right!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the right!
Be their zeal in heaven recorded,
With success on earth rewarded,
||: God speed the right! :||

2 Be that pray'r again repeated,
God speed the right!
Ne'er despairing tho' defeated,
God speed the right!
Like the good and great in story,
If they fail, they fail with glory,
||: God speed the right! :||

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right!
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'ns own time succeeding,
||: God speed the right! :||

4 Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right!
Truth thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
||: God speed the right! :||

GLORIOUS NEWS.*

L. O. EMERSON.

1. O, have you heard the glo-rious news That's round the town to-day? Father has sign'd the pledge, and we Are
2. Ma - ny's the sor-rowing time we've had, But such we'll have no more; For fa-ther has driv'n the de-mon out, And
3. Now, thanks we raise to God on high, For this great bless-ing giv'n; And earth to us hence - forth shall be The

happy, light and gay. No more we dread his com - ing step, But spring to greet him
lock'd and barr'd the door. No more we'll want for food and clothes, No more we'll mourn and
entrance door to heav'n. Sing loud and full, sing clear and free, Let hill to val - ley

* By permission of ADAMS & Co. Boston, by whom it is published in sheet form.

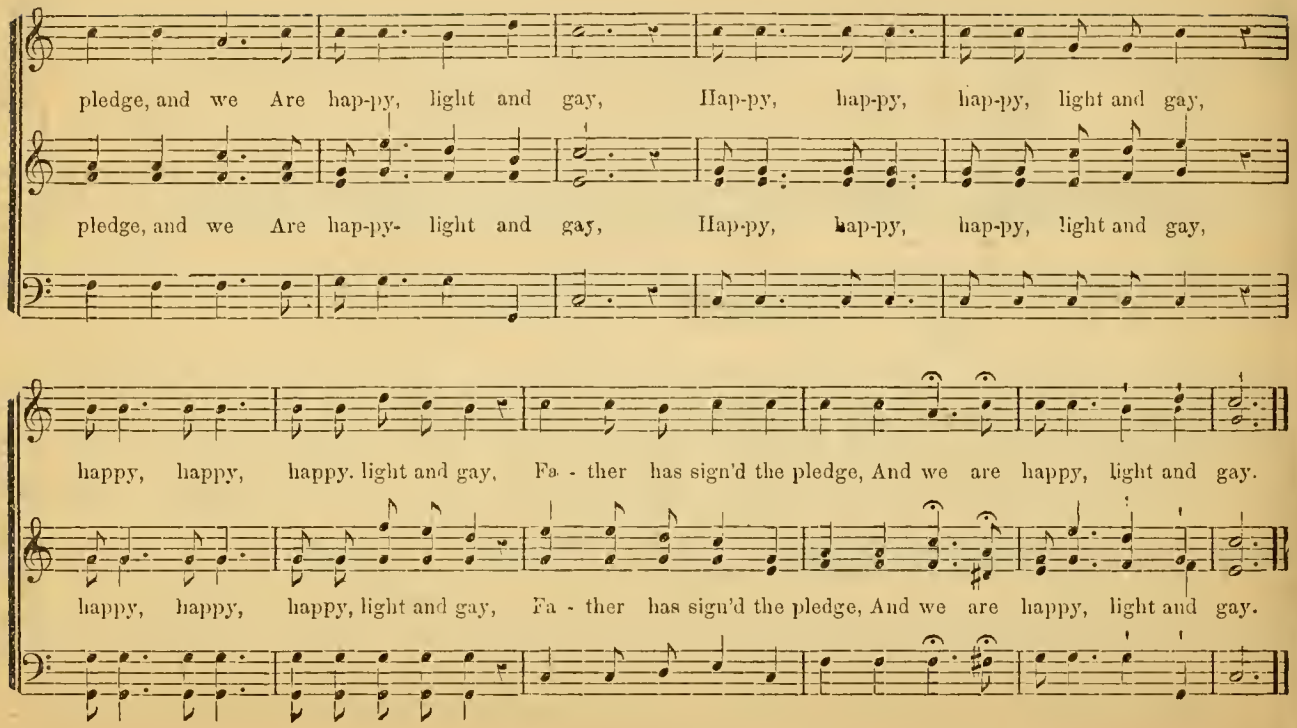
home; Moth - er has wip'd her tears a - way, And joy to us has come.
sigh; Our home shall be a home of peace, With ev - 'ry com - fort nigh.
call, And bear us on the wings of wind, The glo - rious news to all.

Chorus.

O, glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to - day! Fa - ther has sign'd the

O, glo - rious news, glo - rious news, glo - rious news to - day! Fa - ther has sign'd the

GLORIOUS NEWS. Concluded.



THE BATTLE-CRY OF TEMPERANCE.

Tune—THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM. By permission of ROOT & CADY, publishers.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. We are gathering for a right cause, with earnest hearts and true, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Temperance; Millions bless our onward progress in the
2. We have signed the good old pledge that our brothers signed before, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Temperance; And will number in our ranks a

FULL CHORUS. *ff*

work we have to do. Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Temperance. Cold wa-ter for-ev-er, hur-rah! then, hurrah! Down with the wine-glass;
million sign-ers more, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Temperance.

up with our law. As we gath-er for a right cause, With earnest hearts and true, Shouting the bat-tle-cry of Temperance.

3 We are springing to the call, the young, the old, and all
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance;
And we'll banish alcohol from the parlor, shop, and hall,
Shouting the battle cry of Temperance. *Cho.*

4 We will raise the fallen up, and we'll make them sober men,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance,
Till the hills and valleys ring, this Temperance song we'll sing,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance. *Cho.*

OPENING ODES.

Tune.—WATCHMAN. DR. LOWELL MASON.

Friends of Temp'rance, wel - come here, Cheer-ful are our hearts to - day, Tell us—we would glad- ly hear—How our cause speeds on its way.

Here we pledge ourselves a - new, Not to touch the drunkard's drink; Prov-ing faith - ful, proving true, We will from no du - ty shrink.

OPENING ODE No. 2.

Tune.—BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM. See page 117.

1 We are gathered for the conflict with earnest hearts and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance,
The world will bless our progress in the work we have to do;
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance.

Cold water forever, hurrah! then, hurrah!
Down with the wine-glass—up with our star,
As we gather for a right cause, with earnest hearts and true,
Shouting the battle-cry of Temperance.

(Admit them.)

INITIATION. ODE No. 1.

Tune.—SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD WM. B. BRADBURY

(Wel - come, wel - come to our or - der, We shall need your help and care;
In the har - vest fields of Temp - 'rance, You shall have a right-ful share.) Wel- come, wel - come, wel - come

wel - come, Hea - ven bless you! is our prayer; Wel - come, wel - come, wel - come, welcome, Hea ven bless you! is our prayer.

INITIATION. ODE No. 2.

Tune.—Harwell. Dr. L. Mason.

(Wel - come, stran - ger, to this tem - ple, To our al - tar now ad - vance;) Hearts u - ni - ted cheer you on,
(Join our hand of val - iant sol - diers, Strike for Right and Tem - pe - rance.) Hearts u - ni - ted cheer you on,

Hon - or, pleasure will be won, Wel - come, stran - ger, to this Tem - ple, Welcome, wel - come, wel - come here
Hon - or, pleas - ure will be won,

(For obligation.)

INITIATION. ODE No. 3.

Tune.—America.

God of the Temp'rance cause, Bless those who seek thy laws, Teach them thy sword to wield In sin's dark hour.
Owing their power: Be thou to them a shield, Upon temptation's field,

(For obligation.)

INITIATION. ODE No. 4.

Tune.—Pleyel.

(God of Mer - cy! be thou near, While these vows are spo - ken here;)
(Shield the vic - tor, guard and guide Where the lurk-ing tempters hide;) Man may strive, but Thou a - lone, Must the fi - nal conquest own.

 (As guide to our friend.)

INITIATION ODE No. 5.

HENRY TUCKER.
Tune—STAR OF TEMPERANCE.

(Hail! all hail! O friends of Right, Keep the vows you've made to - night!
(Let no pur - ple wine be poured, As you gath - er at the board.) Wine of the drunk - - ard,
De - stroy - ing wine,

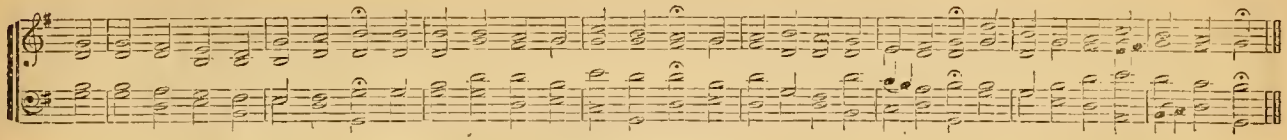
wine of the drunk - ard, wine, wine of the drunk - ard, Oh, taste not, Oh taste not the wine.
De - stroy - ing wine,
drunkard, drunk - ard, taste not,

ODE No. 6.

Tune—AULD LANG SYNE.

1. Come, friends and brethren, all u - nite, In songs of heart - y cheeer; Our cause speed on - ward in its might, A - way with doubt and fear.
2. The cup of death no more we take; That cup no more we give; It makes the head, the bo - som ache—Ah! who can drink and live?

We give the pledge, we join the hand, Re - solved on vic - to ry, We are a bold, de - termined band, And strike for li - ber - ty.
We give the pledge, &c.



2. *Tune*—"Old Hundred.

1 Now bound by honor's sacred laws,
Be faithful to our holy cause;
Let truth preserve each member's fame,
Nor curses blast our honored name.

2 Then welcome to our Unionhood,
A cheerful welcome to the good,
Long live our Order's great renown,
And happiness each member crown.

3 Stand firm in truth, while life shall last,
Nor let the blight fall on thy way;
Our hopes, may treason never blast,
Our trust, no Judas e'er betray.

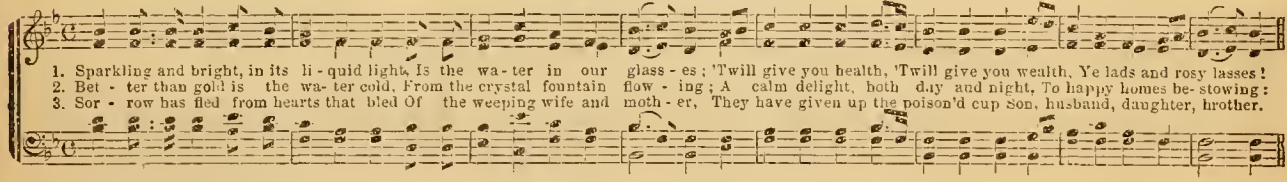
Tune—America, page 119.

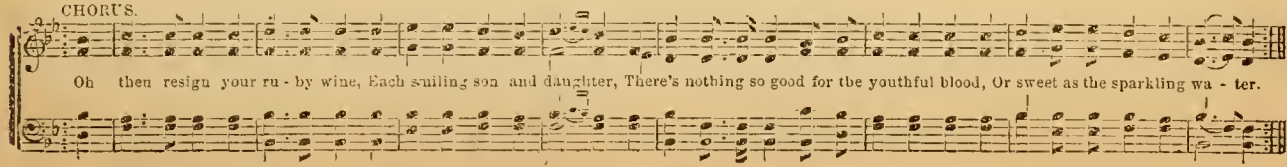
Long live our temple bright,
Offspring of truth and light,
Sent from above:
Long may our Brother's stand,
And Sisters glorious band—
Strong pillars in our land,
Our pride and love!

Tune—Lift your heads, the day is breaking.

To our noble cause forever,
Be a steady beacon light;
Let no deed or word e'er sever
Those who gather here to-night.
Firm in principles of Temperance
Turn the wine king from his throne.
Keeping always in remembrance,
God, great God, is King alone.

SPARKLING AND BRIGHT.

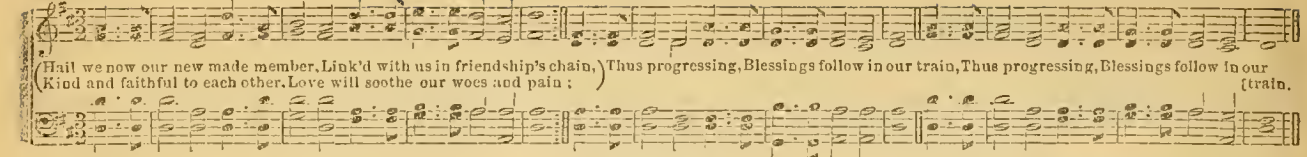




(—"Severed only in death."

ZION.

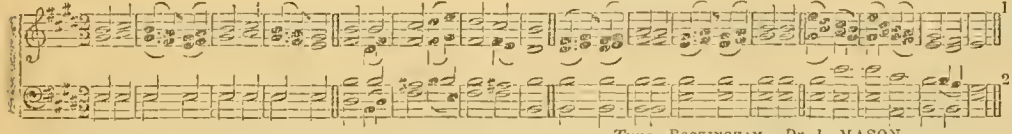
Dr. T. HASTINGS, by per.



Hail we now our new made member, Link'd with us in friendship's chain, Kind and faithful to each other. Love will soothe our woes and pain; Thus progressing, Blessings follow in our train, Thus progressing, Blessings follow in our train.

CLOSING ODES.

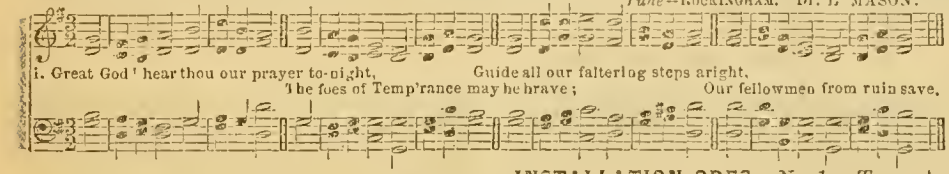
Tune—SICILY.



1 Heavenly Father, give thy blessing,
While we now this meeting end;
On our minds each truth impressing,
That may to Thy glory tend.

2 Save from all intoxication,
From its fountain may we flee;
When assail'd by strong temptation,
May we trust alone in Thee.

Tune—ROCKINGHAM. Dr. L. MASON.



1. Great God! hear thou our prayer to-night,
The foes of Temp'rance may be brave;
Guide all our faltering steps aright,
Our fellowmen from ruin save.

3. *Tune.*—WARD.

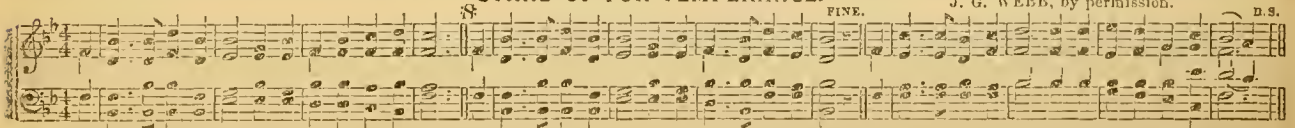
May friendship's chain be ever bright,
And charity and love increase:
May Providence protect the right,
Reclaim the wrong, establish peace.

INSTALLATION ODES. No. 1. *Tune*—AULD LANG SYNE.

Whatever station we may fill,
In this exalted band,
Our plighted duties we shall still
Achieve with heart and hand.
And evermore through good and ill,
By one another stand—
Whatever station we may fill
In this exalted band.

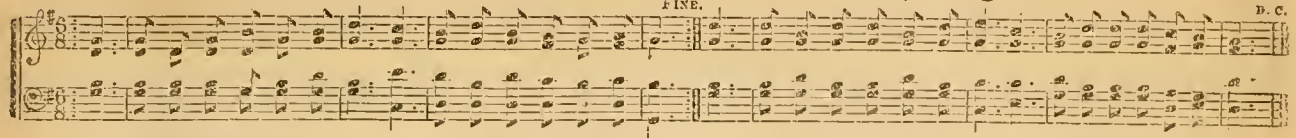
STAND UP FOR TEMPERANCE.

No. 2. *Tune*—THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.
J. G. WEBB, by permission.



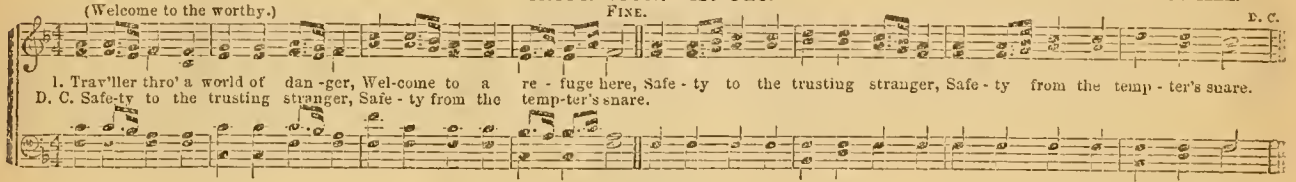
1 Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance,
Ye soldiers of our cause;
Lift high our royal banner,
Nor let it suffer loss.
From victory to victory
Our army shall be led,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And all are free indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Temp'rance,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose:
Forth to this mighty conflict—
Go in this glorious hour—
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.



INITIATION. 1st Ode.

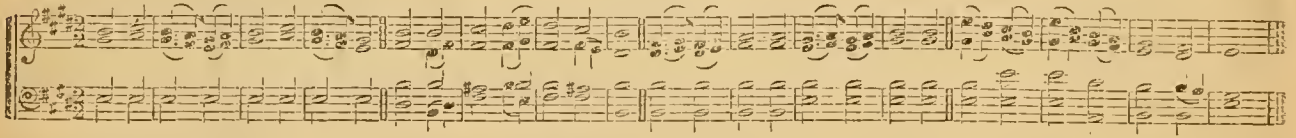
Tune—GREENVILLE.



This tune if preferred.

1st Ode.

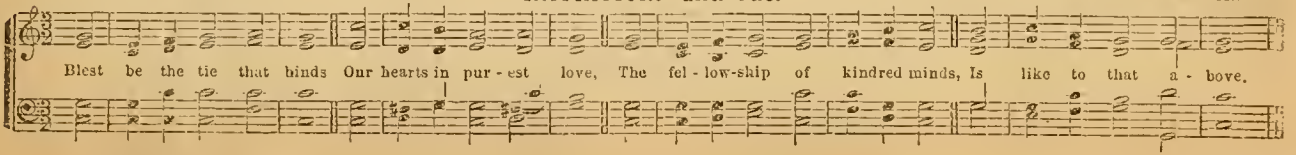
Tune—SICILY.



Introduce to W. P.

INITIATION. 2nd Ode.

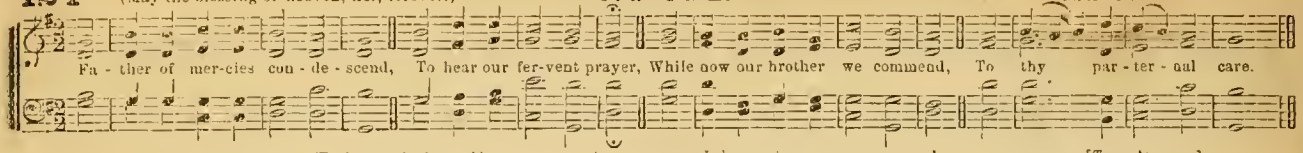
Tune—BOYLSTON. Dr. L. MASON.



(May the blessing of heaven, &c., forever.)

3rd ODE.

Tune—PETERBOROUGH.



4th Ode. { (Tend to your lasting good)
God hears the solemn vow—
It is recorded now,

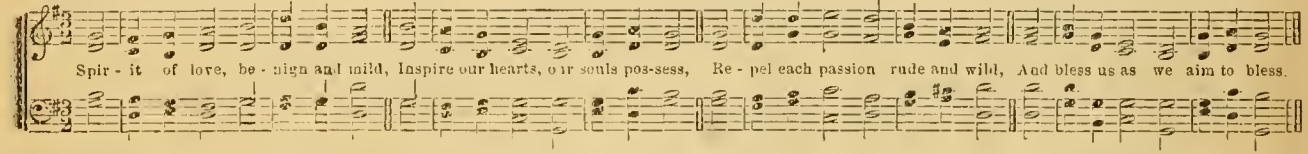
In heaven above,
That we may faithful be—
From all to obtain free—

[*Tune*—AMERICA.]
We humbly ask of Thee,
Thou God of Love

(Love and harmony shall reign forever.)

5th Ode.

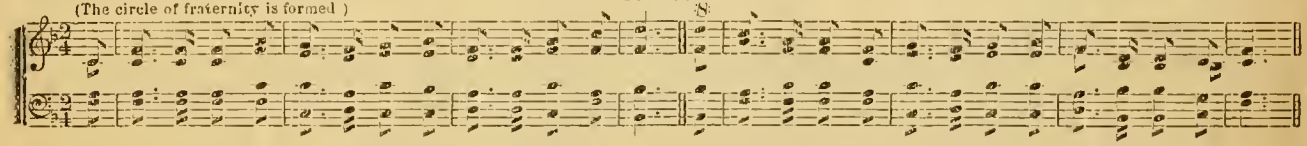
Tune—ROCKINGHAM.



6th Ode.

Tune—AULD LANG SYNE.

(The circle of fraternity is formed)



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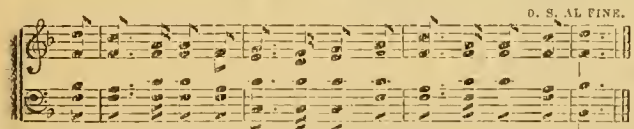


5TH ODE.

1 Once more we here the pledge renew
Of strict Fidelity ;
Still to our maxims ever true—
|: To Love and Purity. :|

2 No unkind words our lips shall pass,
No envy sour the mind,
But each shall seek the common weal,
|: The good of all mankind. :|

CLOSING ODE.

1ST ODE. *Tune*—AULD LANG SYNE.

1 A goodly thing it is to meet,
In friendship's circle bright,
Where nothing stains the pleasure sweet,
Nor dims the radiant light ;

No happier meeting earth can see,
Than where the joy we prove
Of Temperance and Purity
Fidelity and Love.

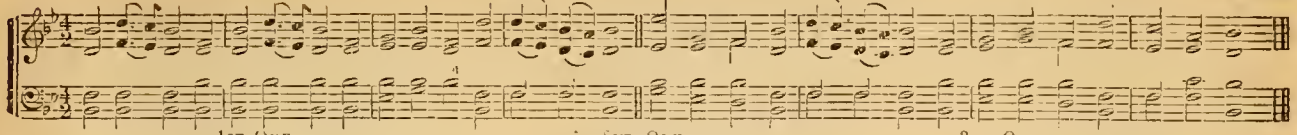
2D ODE. *Tune*—AULD LANG SYNE.

1 Good night, good night to every one,
Be each heart free from care,
Let every brother seek his home,
And find contentment there.

May joy beam with to-morrow's sun,
And every prospect shine,
While wife and friends laugh merrily,
Without the aid of wine.

ADMISSION OF LADY VISITORS.

Tune—Wilmot.



1st Ode.

1 Welcome sister, to our number,
Welcome to our hearts and hands;
At our post we wil not slumber.
Strong in union we will stand.

2nd Ode.

1 Hark! glad voices join the chorus,
As we sing redemption's song,
Heavenly Spirits watching o'er us,
Waft our notes of praise along.

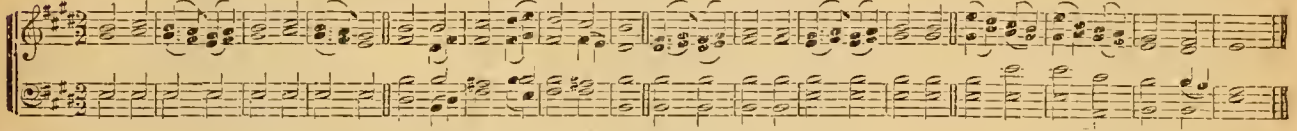
3rd Ode.

1 Welcome, sister, share the blessing,
Gained by union, faith, and love,
Onward, upward we are pressing,
To the angel throne above.

This tune if preferred

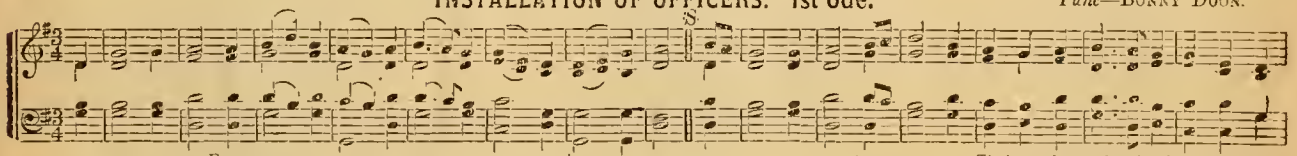
ADMISSION OF LADY VISITORS.

Tune—Sicily.



INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS. 1st Ode.

Tune—Bonny Doon.



Fine.

D. C. Thrice welcome, brother here we meet.
In friendship's close communion join,
Ye Sons of Temperance loud repeat,
Your triumphs with one heart and mind.
No angry passions here should mar
Our peace, or move our social band,
For friendship is our beacon star,
Our motto, *Union, hand in hand.*

2nd Ode. *Tune*—Auld Lang Syne, page 124.

1 Whatever station we may fill.
In this exalted band,
Our plighted duties we shall still,
Achieve with heart and hand.

And evermore, through good and ill
By one another stand,
What ever station we may fill,
In this exalted band.

3rd Ode. *Tune*—Auld Lang Syne, page 124.

2 Whatever station we may hold,
Among the sons of earth—
If high in honor, rich in gold.
Or humble from our birth—

In *virtue* only we behold,
The standard of our worth,
Whatever station we may hold
Amongst the sons of earth.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

p. 122.

TUNE. *The Morning light is breaking.*

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
O let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

4 Soon will a brighter morrow
Succeed this pleasant day,
When drink and sin and sorrow
Shall fly far, far away;
Then let us swell the chorus,
And sweeter anthems raise
While angels bending o'er us,
Shall join in holy praise.

TEMPERANCE HYMN.

TUNE. *Missionary Hymn.*

1 From brightest crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free
By shady hill and mountain
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let Freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

2 This was the pledge in Eden,
Ere sorrow's notes were heard;
Ere our first mother heeding
The subtle serpent's word—
Forgetting her Creator,
Plunged all her race in woe,
And caused o'er beauteous Nature
The seeds of death to grow.

3 From many a happy dwelling
Late misery's dark abode,
The joyous peal is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God,
Glad songs are now ascending
From many a thankful heart;
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending
And each their aid impart.

4 We'll join the tuneful chorus
And raise our song on high!
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye;
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard host is waning
Before cold water's sway.

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

TUNE. *Shining Shore.*

1 The temperance ship is sailing on,
In bright and stormy weather,
The great, and good, the young and old,
Are sailing in together.
The drunkards bark is ne'er secure,
Life's stormy ocean crossing,
For many sink to rise no more,
When angry waves are tossing

2 The temperance ship is sailing on.
And friends are kindly greeting,
Husbands and wives, and children too,
O what a joyful meeting!

3 The temperance ship is sailing on,
A faithful hand is steering,
And safely guides the trusty ship,
No foe or danger fearing.

4 The temperance ship is sailing on,
And banners now are waving;
Long may it sail triumphantly,
The foaming billows braving.

THE VICTORY'S NEAR.

TUNE. *Evergreen Shore.*

1 We are fighting the battle of right against wrong,
Of Reason 'gainst folly and sin;
Though our foes seem to triumph, it is not for long,
For truth must assuredly win.
CHORUS. Then let the enemy sneer,
It never will cause us to fear
We will earnestly pray, and labor each day;
We know that the victory's near.

2 Let them say we are weak and can never succeed;
We'll tell them we shall if we try;
For the cause of humanity daily we plead,
And never will cease till we die.—*Cho.*

3 When our country is free from her bondage and shame,
O then our reward we shall see;
In that day we can truthfully, joyfully claim
Her title "The happy and free.—*Cho.*

4 Come and help, every one; you can all take a part,
The noble, the wealthy the poor;
There is work for the willing, benevolent heart,
This glorious time to insure.—*Cho.*

WELCOME TO OUR MEETING.

TUNE. *Saviour like a Shepherd.* p. 118.

1 Welcome to our festive meeting,
Welcome to our happy throng;
To beguile the moments fleeting,
Loud we raise our cheerful song.
Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!
Welcome to our happy throng.

2 Welcome all, our cause invites you,
Onward onward, Temperance cries;
Join us, Jesus' love invites you,
Join us, and Intemperance dies.
Welcome! welcome! welcome! welcome!
Welcome to our happy throng.

DRUNKARDS ARE DYING.

TUNE. *Hamburg.*

1 Drunkards are dying day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away;
O, Christians to the rescue fly,
And seek to save them ere they die.

2 Wealth, labour, talents freely give,
That those now perishing may live;
What hath your Saviour done for you;
And what for them will ye not do?

3 O, Spirit of the Lord, go forth,
Call in the south, awake the north;
In every clime, from sun to sun,
May drunkards to Thy fold be won.

DIVINE PRESENCE IMPLORED.

TUNE. *Ortonville.*

1 Great God, thy presence we implore
While we together meet;
With reverence would we humbly bow
Thy gracious seat.
And temperance prevail
Throughout our favored land,
And many a numerous host come forth
To join our growing band.

3 Let young and old, let rich and poor
Their energies unite,
Until all people, climes and tongues,
In temperance delight.

THE PRODIGAL INVITED.

TUNE. *Pleyel's Hymn.* p. 119.

1 Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's, happy home,
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother; homeward come.

2 Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother; God can save.

3 He can heal the deepest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek him, for he may be found;
Call upon him; he is near.

THE COLD WATER ARMY

TUNE. *Auld Lang Syne.* p. 120.

1 With banner and with badge we come,
An army true and strong;
To fight against the hosts of rum,
And this shall be our song.
We love the clear cold water springs,
Supplied by gentle showers;
We feel the strength cold water brings,
The victory is ours.

2 "Cold Water Army" is our name,
O, may we faithful be,
And so in truth and justice claim
The blessings of the free.

3 Though others love their Rum and Wine,
And drink till they are mad;
To water we will still incline,
To make us strong and glad.

4 I pledge to thee this hand of mine
In faith and friendship strong;
And, fellow soldiers, we will join
The chorus of our song.

DIVINE AID IMPLORED.

TUNE. *Rockingham.* p. 124.

1 Great God, whose hand outpours the rills
And springs that burst from all the hills,
At whose command the rock was riven,
Who send'st on all, thy rain from heaven—

2 We bless thee for the crystal draught
By sinless man in Eden quaffed;
Type of that fount whose streams above,
Flood endless worlds with life and love!

3 Help us to heed thy word divine,
And look not on the crimson wine,
To fear and flee the accursed thing
As serpent's bite or adder's sting.

4 Stay thou, O Lord! the tide of death!
Rebuke the demon's blasting breath!
And speed, oh! speed, on every shore,
The day when strong drink slays no more!

PARTING HYMN.

TUNE. *Martyn.*

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus, hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep,
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

A false friend 111
A glass of cold water 74
Arise! arise to save 109
A song for water 99
America 119
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Father, in thy love and mercy 91
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Let temperance and her sons rejoice 83
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Water is best 14
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We'll crown them with roses 106
Welcome brothers, welcome here 87
Welcome to our meeting 127
We never will drink any more 32
We are strong 6
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Will you join us .....
Work and pray ..... [illegible]
Work and wishes 3

Zion 122

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